

Leatherneck

AUG. 1960

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES

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Leatherneck



THIS MONTH'S COVER

When Marines are stationed in a vacation wonderland where sandy beaches, hot dry winds and beautiful skies (not to mention beautiful girls) predominate, as in Southern Europe, there's little chance for dullness. Enjoying their life of leisure at the Rota Naval Base beach were PFCs Robert F. Hawkins and Robert E. Guffee and dates, Westley Jane Sullivan (reclining) and Carolyn Honey. Cover photo by Lou Lowery, Leatherneck Photographic Director.

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Edited by AMSgt Francis J. Kulluson

POSITION OF COLOR GUARD

Dear Sir:

Recently there has been quite a discussion going on concerning a particular question, and, as usual, there have been many different interpretations. Therefore, I am writing you to see if I can get clarification on the matter.

The burning question is this: A color company, alone, receives national and organizational colors from battalion headquarters prior to movement to the parade field. When the receiving ceremony is completed and the company commander orders the color guard to take its post, where does the color guard then move?

The Marine Corps Drill Manual, the Landing Party Manual and Marine Corps Order 1500.13 have been perused . . . by myself and others, and, as stated before, there are still several interpretations.

It is my contention that the color guard moves to its right and takes position on the left flank of the company. Then it will be in position to follow the company on the route to the parade field. In other words, the color company precedes the color guard.

Others contend that the color guard takes position to the left of the leading platoon, thereby being within the company formation during its march to the parade field. It is my contention that the only time a color bearer is within a company formation, i.e., to the rear of the leading platoon, is during the escort of the national colors, without color guards, as described in paragraph 2402 of the Marine Corps Drill Manual.

Subparagraph 2400.2.d(5) of the Marine Corps Drill Manual, applies to my question, however, it does not specifically answer it. Therefore, it has become the bone on which many of us have been chewing, but to date have been unable to digest.

I am in hopes that you may be able to clarify this situation for me and also

for any others who may have doubts concerning the same matter.

Name withheld by request

● Head, G-3, Training Branch, HQ MC, had this to say:

"The color guard always takes post to the left or rear of a color company, depending on whether the color company is on line or in column (Paragraph 2400.2.d.(5) and sections VII and VIII of Chapter 2., Marine Corps Drill Manual).

"During the ceremony of 'Escort of the National Color', the National color bearer takes post behind the center of the leading platoon after the company has formed in column (Paragraph 2402.2.g., Marine Corps Drill Manual).

"Attention is invited to the distinc-

tion made between the color guard (four men with National and organizational colors) and the National color bearer (one man)." —Ed.

WANTED: NOTES ON "CHESTY"

A biography of Lieutenant General Lewis B. (Chesty) Puller, USMC, Ret., is being prepared by Burke Davis, Civil War historian and biographer of Lee, Jackson and Stuart. Gen. Puller is working with Davis.

Those with antecedents, impressions or other information on Puller's colorful career, from Haiti in 1919 to Korea, are asked to write: Burke Davis, Route 3, Box 296, Greensboro, N.C.

Davis is author of "They Called Him Stonewall", "Grey Fox", "R. E. Lee & The Civil War", "Jeb Stuart", "The Last Cavalier", and "To Appomattox". He also wrote two novels of the American Revolution, "Yorktown", and "The Ragged Ones". —Ed.

WAIVERS

Dear Sir:

I am interested in the Career NCO Program outlined in MCO 1040.9A. The cross reference, reference (b), which is MCO 1560.11, enclosure (6) appears to be out of date.

As near as I can determine, the only
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 5)



Leatherneck Magazine

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The Battle of the Tenaru

August 21, 1942

by Robert Leckie

A helmet for my pillow,
A poncho for my bed,
My rifle rests across my chest—
The stars swing overhead.

The whispering of the kunai,
The murmuring of the sea,
The sighing palm and night so calm
Betray no enemy.

Hear! River bank so silent,
You men who sleep around,
That foreign scream across the stream—
Up! Fire at the sound.

Sweeping over the sandspit
That blocks the Tenaru,
With Banzai-boast a mushroomed host
Vows to destroy our few.

Into your holes and your gunpits!
Kill them with rifles and knives!
Feed them with lead until they are
dead—
And widowed are their wives.

Sons of the mothers who gave you
Honor and gift of birth,
Strike with the knife till blood and life
Run out upon the earth.

Marines, keep faith with your glory
Keep to your trembling hole.
Intruder feel of Nippon steel
Can't penetrate your soul.

Closing, they charge all howling
Their breasts all targets large.
The gun must shake, the bullets make
A slaughter of their charge.

Red are the flashing tracers,
Yellow the bursting shells.
Hoarse is the cry of men who die—
Shrill are the wounded's yells.

God, how the night reels stricken!
She shrieks with orange spark,
The mortar's lash and cannon's crash
Have crucified the dark.

Falling, the faltering foemen
Beneath our guns lie heaped.
By greenish glare of rockets' flare
We see the harvest reaped.

Now has the first fierce onslaught
Been broken and hurled back.
Hammered and hit, from hole and pit—
We rise up to attack!

Day bursts pale from a gun tube,
The gibbering night has fled.
By light of dawn the foe has drawn
A line behind his dead.

Our tanks clank in behind them,
Our riflemen move out.
Their hearts have met our bayonets—
It's ended with a shout.

"Cease fire!"—the words go ringing
Over the heaps of the slain.
The battle's won, the Rising Sun
Lies fallen in the rain.

St. Michael, angel of battle,
We praise you to God on high.
The foe you gave was strong and brave
And showed us how to die.

Speak to The Lord for our comrades,
Killed when the battle seemed lost.
They went to meet a bright defeat—
The hero's holocaust.

False is the vaunt of the victor,
Hollow our living pride.
For those who fell there is no hell—
Not for the brave who died.



SOUND OFF

[continued from page 3]

hindrance to acceptance would be my eyesight (20/200 corrected to 20/20). I understand that waivers are granted but I am unable to determine to what extent.

I would like to know if waiver limitations are fixed or variable, and to what extent.

ASgt Carl R. Estus
H&HS, MWHG
First Marine Aircraft Wing, FMF
c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● Head, OCC-MARCAD Unit, Reserve Officer Candidate Section, Military Personnel Procurement Branch, HQMC, gave us this reply:

"Enclosure (6) to Marine Corps Order 1560.11 will be revised by the Special Services Branch (Code DS). Paragraph 2 of reference (2) states in part: 'This order is not authority for submitting nominations or applications. They will be submitted in accordance with the appropriate order.' One of the purposes of enclosure (6) is to acquaint prospective applicants with the USAFI courses which will prove helpful in preparing for the Officer Selection Test.

"Waivers for physical defects may be granted by the Commandant of the Marine Corps providing such waivers are recommended by the Chief, Bureau of Medicine and Surgery. There is no definite limitation range relative to this subject. All cases are decided on their individual merits."—Ed.

LT O'BANNON'S GRAVE

Dear Sir:

I read with great interest in "Sound Off" the letter of Wayne L. Shearer concerning the grave of Lt Presley Neville O'Bannon, USMC. Since the letter insinuated neglect on the part of Kentucky, I feel that the Marine Corps should know more about Lt O'Bannon's Kentucky background.

In 1790, while Kentucky was still a part of Virginia, John O'Bannon, brother of Presley, had already joined his brother-in-law, Elijah Pepper, and his sister, Sarah Neville O'Bannon Pepper, in Versailles, now the county seat of Woodford County, Ky. Near this location Pepper and O'Bannon built a distillery and made a whiskey under the trade name of "Old Pepper."

Lt O'Bannon left the Marine Corps in 1807 and two years later, at the suggestion of his brother John and his sister Sarah, came to Kentucky with his bride, the

TURN PAGE

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SOUND OFF (cont.)

former Matilda Heard of Virginia. They made their home in Kentucky for 41 years during which time many honors were bestowed upon the hero of Tripoli by the people of this state.

In 1812 he was elected to the legislature, representing the county of Logan, and was re-elected in 1814-1817, 1820-1821. Later on he was chosen by his constituents to serve as Kentucky State Senator from 1824-1826.

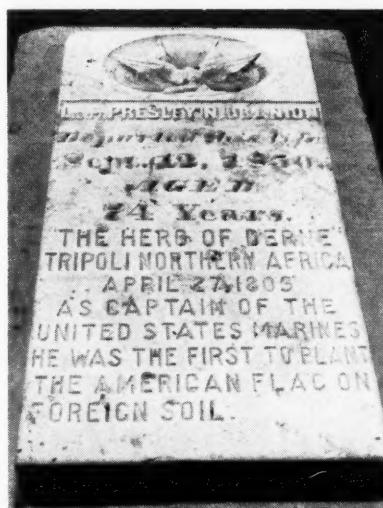
History also records that he had become a person of considerable means. In one county alone there is entered in his name a deed for over one thousand acres of choice land along with other valuable real estate holdings.

In the year 1850, at the age of 74, Lt Presley O'Bannon died at the home of relatives in Henry County, Ky. He was buried, as was the custom of the day, in the family burial ground. There he remained until 1919 when the Susannah Hart Shelby Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution obtained permission from the O'Bannon family to remove his remains and his monu-

ment to the Kentucky State Cemetery at Frankfort, Ky.

Kentucky is one of the few, if not the only, states in the Union to have a portion of ground officially set aside as the final resting place for its illustrious dead.

The Kentucky Legislature approved, and Governor James E. Black signed the D.A.R. petition



O'Bannon's headstone

authorizing the transfer, "so that on Flag Day, 14, June 1920, Lieut Presley Neville O'Bannon, USMC, be interred in the Commonwealth's hallowed plot along side of other heroes of our wars."

The following is an excerpt from a local paper describing the ceremony:

"The coffin containing the remains, and beautiful tombstone, were brought to Frankfort, the coffin was wrapped in the American flag. A laurel wreath of the national colors by the D.A.R. was placed on the grave after a brief history was read by one of the members and a prayer made by the chaplain. The tombstone was a very handsome slab of stone said to have been carved under the direction of O'Bannon shortly before his death; this stone has chiseled on it an American eagle and a cannon."

It is believed that had not Lt O'Bannon personally selected and supervised the construction of his own tombstone (an act not uncommon in this era), a more elaborate one would have been erected.

As in all cemeteries, the monuments range from the ornate to the simplest of designs. Thousands of visitors come each year to see this historic shrine.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8)

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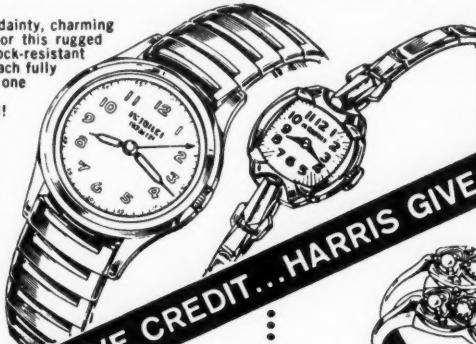
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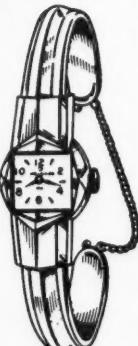
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LA

CORPS Quiz

Prepared by 1stSgt B. M. Rosoff

- Orders prescribed for sentries are of _____ classes.
 - two
 - four
 - three
- Responsibility for the preparation and correctness of the guard book rests with the _____.
 - sergeant of the guard
 - officer of the day
 - corporal of the guard
- It is the duty of the _____ to count the silverware and other eating utensils of prisoners.
 - sergeant of the guard
 - brig warden
 - commander of the guard
- Persons or parties detained by a sentry are examined by the _____.
 - sergeant of the guard
 - commander of the guard
 - corporal of the guard
- Non-rated men of the guard are normally assigned to reliefs by the _____.
 - corporal of the guard
 - sergeant of the guard
- If a prisoner in a brig is granted emergency leave, he is credited with having served that period of time.
 - true
 - false
- Apprehension is _____.
 - the restraint of a person
 - the physical restraint of a person
 - the taking into custody of a person
- Military police ordinarily prefer court-martial charges against persons they take into custody.
 - true
 - false
- Policies for the handling of prisoners of war are in accordance with _____.
 - Geneva Convention
 - Naval Regulations
 - International law
- A prisoner of war is normally allowed to retain the following:
 - dairies
 - orders
 - gas mask

See answers on page 88. Score 10 points for each correct answer; 10 to 30 fair; 40 to 60 good; 70 to 80 excellent; 90 to 100 outstanding.

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 6]

The first person buried in Kentucky's "Arlington" was Daniel Boone; the last was Lieutenant General Simon Bolivar Buckner, U. S. Army, who was killed on Okinawa, World War II.

The verse chiseled on the monument of Theodore O'Hara, Kentucky's soldier poet of the Mexican War (1847), perhaps speaks in silent eloquence for all of the assembled dead:

*"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The hero's last tattoo.
No more on life's parade shall meet
These brave and daring few
On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread
And glory guards with hallowed round
This bivouac of the dead."*

Colonel G. M. Chinn, USMCR
Director, Kentucky
Historical Society

Frankfort, Ky.

● Thank you for this interesting information about Lt O'Bannon's grave.
—Ed.



DUTY STATION OPTIONS

Dear Sir:

I would like to get some information concerning the permanent duty station of a Marine.

In my case, I am a six-month Reservist, and after completion of six months training, I inquired about re-enlisting and asked to be stationed at El Toro, Calif., since I was in aviation. I was then informed that a new Marine Corps Order had been released which said that no six-month Reservist had the option of a choice of duty station on his first reenlistment.

I am planning to go to California this Summer. If I try to reenlist while

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12)

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<input type="checkbox"/>	25 & over.....	Single	<input type="checkbox"/> 65.00	<input type="checkbox"/> 38.00	<input type="checkbox"/> 79.00
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After checking the appropriate premium for either the 6 or 12 month policy, add a \$5.00 service-charge minimum if you plan to pay the entire amount with your application.

If you prefer the easy pay plan listed below the rates, figure the amount of your first payment, then proceed to the application, fill it out, and mail it along with your check or money order.

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This Application is for LIABILITY insurance only and restricted to continental limits of United States, its territories and possessions, Canada. Premium designated includes policy fee which is fully earned at time of policy issuance, but may be transferred upon request to cover substitute vehicle. Policy fee varies proportionately to the amount of premium, and a factor of 25% is used in computing the amount of this fee.

The above statements are warranties and not representations, and I declare that I have withheld no information whatsoever relative thereto. I agree that this proposal shall be the express basis of the Contract between the Company and me. I fully understand and agree that the policy applied for and issued in response to above application shall cover the insured vehicle only when driven by named assured or his/her spouse. I further agree that the insured vehicle will not be used for commercial or share-the-expense purposes.

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MADISON, NEW JERSEY

Behind the Lines ...

WHEN more hectic months are made they'll have to break a new high in order to top the last one here at *Leatherneck*. There was, to begin, the Combat Correspondents' confab on the West Coast, then the concurrent divisions reunion here in D. C., and through it all, a wild hurricane of galley, engravings and proofs on the new *Guidebook* whose deadline everyone was determined to meet with a tenacity born only of a will to do the impossible.

Then, of course, there was also this issue of *Leatherneck*. . . .

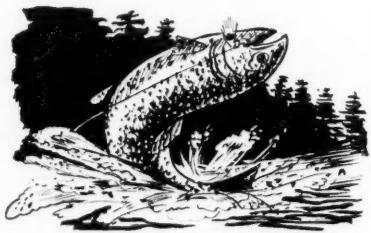
Now, with reunions, guidebooks and the magazine behind us, the talk has turned to fishing. However, aside from the fact that the halcyon days have, more or less, returned to the office, there is still the little matter of escape from the home where not only the heart, but the fishing gear is. In consideration of this little obstacle, we have noted that, 'long about this time of year, we are capable of accomplishing great things in our backyard on a Wednesday afternoon. Somehow an accelerated program of get-everything-done-on-Wednesday automatically goes into effect, and we are left with nothing to do on Saturday and Sunday—but go fishing.

There are, of course, the usual tasks a wife dreams up, but any angler can wriggle out from under them with a few pat observations. For example: "It will cost too much," "It's too wet/dry to dig in the garden," "I have to send for a part," "I don't have the right tools." Or, "Do it yourself!" This last report should be used sparingly and, like a grenade, only when there is sufficient cover.

Having established the fact that it will be absolutely impossible for us to accomplish anything on Saturday or Sunday for the above reasons, we wander around the neighborhood to check on our fishing pals and find out how they're faring with liberty cards.

Our friend 1stSgt Duke Rosoff who lives across the street is usually ready to bait up at the drop of a beer can, although, we must confess, we have never discovered how he manages a pass. We know he'd never be able to utter convincingly the excuses we use; so far as the Duke is concerned, anything can be

fixed for practically nothing; he digs in his garden when the rain pours down—and when the dust is billowing around the ligustrum; he knows where you can buy *any* part for *anything*, second-hand, and the places are open on Sundays! The Duke owns a million wrenches, has locker boxes full of drills, hammers, screw drivers and other tools whose use is known only to the men who designed them. Like we say, we could never figure what he uses for an excuse—unless it's his bursitis. . . .



Our next-door neighbor plays it cool; although his system is comparatively simple, it doesn't net him as much fishing time as mine. He begins every Saturday by calling me over, then, in the presence of his wife he announces firmly, "I will not be able to go fishing with you today—much, too much, to do." After which his wife, not wishing to appear a shrew, comes whistling through with: "Oh, you can do it later . . . If you want to go fishing . . ." She seldom finishes the sentence; at any rate, we're not there to hear it if she does. Now, this is a system which cannot be over-worked, consequently, about every fourth week my neighbor remains resolute in his Saturday morning statement, "I will not be able to go fishing with you, etc." On these days a good percentage of the work is devoted to digging worms for use on Sunday.

Although the systems anglers use to get out of the house gracefully—and with assurance that they can get back in when they come home—are interesting, fishermen themselves seem to fit into numerous categories. Take, for instance, former CWO Fred Stolley; he's a *walking* fisher-

man. Fishing with Fred goes like this:

"We'll park the car here," he says.

There is no water in sight.

"We'll fish just around the bend of these woods," he says.

We walk.

And walk. Carrying much gear.

A half hour later we call in a feeble voice, "Where's the lake, Fred?"

But Fred doesn't hear us—he's outdistanced us by three miles. He's a *walking* fisherman.

Then there are the *wading* fishermen. My old pal CWO Earl Smith is a *wader*. I once made the grave error of letting him drag me one hundred miles north in the middle of the night to wade shoulder deep across the Shenandoah over a river bottom that must have been made up entirely of used cannon balls. And when we got to the other side Smith insisted that we wade out into the middle to fish!

Now, the Duke is a *meat* fisherman. He has a freezer stocked with choice steaks, roasts and chops, but he's still a *meat* fisherman. He fishes with *worms*. So, what's wrong with worms? Nothing. But, somehow, it seems most unsportsmanlike for a *worm* fisherman to catch a big fish on a tiny morsel of worm. Anybody who fishes with a strictly logical bait like a little worm should catch nothing but little fish. Usually that's the case. But our friend Rosoff, the *worm* fisherman, has discovered a fish heaven where the biggest fish in the place bite on worms—it's the Lunga Reservoir at Quantico. Minnows, there, are taboo which probably accounts for the indiscriminate taste of the fish who manage to get hooked on the Duke's line.

We'd really like to point out the various types of fishermen we've known, but space is always at a premium. Someday we'll do a long piece on the *restless* fisherman—the guy who wants to fish in every hole in a 10-mile lake in one day; the *hang-up* fisherman—the joker who fishes in trees, rocks, bushes and an occasional car parked on the bank; the *garbage* fisherman—the angler who hangs a bucktail fly on the end of his line, baits the hook with a nightcrawler and lashes a popper to the nightcrawler just to attract the fish's attention. There are dozens more, but like we say, space just won't take care of them. . . .

Karl A. Schmon
MANAGING EDITOR

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SOUND OFF

[continued from page 8]

there would I be sent back to the east coast where I came from?

Pvt Allen Redd, USMCR
30 Shirley Pl.

Atlanta 14, Ga.

● Head, Enlisted Detail Section, HQ-
MC, told us:

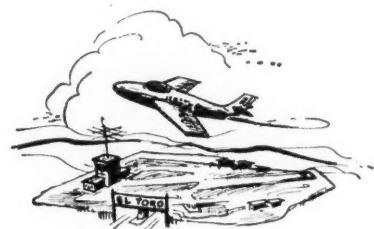
"MCO 1133.15A provides for election of options on reenlistment but is applicable to Reservists integrating into the Regular Marine Corps only if the Reservist has completed one year of extended active duty immediately prior to integration.

"MCO 1130.4C contains the regulations concerning assignment upon enlistment or reenlistment in the Regular Marine Corps which would be applicable for Pvt Redd. Paragraph 6 of the order provides that an individual who has previously completed recruit training and Individual Combat Training and is enlisted or reenlisted in the Regular Marine Corps by the Recruiting Service, may be transferred as follows:

"a. Individuals with an Aviation

MOS: To the Second Marine Aircraft Wing, Cherry Point, N.C., or to the Third Marine Aircraft Wing, El Toro, Calif., whichever may be nearer.

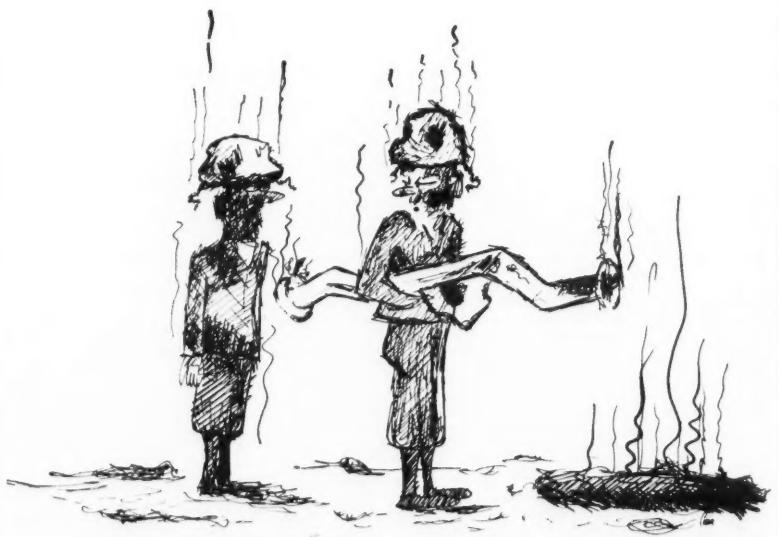
"b. Individuals with a Ground MOS: To an activity at Camp Lejeune, N.C. or an activity at Camp Pendleton, Calif., whichever may be nearer.



"No assurance can be given concerning the length of time an individual will remain at the initial duty station or concerning subsequent assignments. Marines' duty assignments are made in accordance with individual qualifications and the needs of the Marine Corps.

"It is recommended that Pvt Redd contact the nearest Marine Corps Recruiting Station to obtain detailed information about all of the provisions of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14)



"I think I bucked that one!"

Leatherneck Magazine



Leatherneck receives many letters requesting information concerning members of the Marine Corps, and other branches of the service. Condensations of these letters are published in this column as a service to our readers.

To avoid errors, all names and addresses must be printed or typed.

John P. Mosher, 5562 Highway #9, Corpus Christi, Texas, to hear from PFC Michael R. ARVIDSON, or anyone associated with Platoon #164 at San Diego in 1958.

Margaret Erne Hut, Box 173, Portage, Mich., to hear from former Woman Marine Emily STYKA, who was at Edenton in 1943-1944.

Mrs. Howard K. Bachman, 403 Pamela Rd., Duarte, Calif., to hear from Cpl Ronald G. FELLOWS, whose last known address was MCB, Camp Pendleton.

Alan L. Young, 1013 South Spring St., Springfield, Ill., to hear from Sgt J. A. GILBERTSON, whose last known address was MCRDep, San Diego.

Gary H. Whitaker, Box 1022, Pulaski, Va., to hear from TSgt Maurice LED-BETTER, whose last known address was with the Tenth Marines, Camp Lejeune.

Vicki Smith Brinker, Box 680, Star Route, Orange, Calif., to hear from Pfc Edwin M. DODSON, whose last known address was Hq Co., Force Troops, MCB, 29 Palms, Calif., or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

Kelly Clapp, 144 Manila St., Bridgeport, Conn., to hear from Pfc Elwood P. BANKS and Pfc W. W. CAMPBELL who were in Plt. 243 at Parris Island in 1959, or anyone knowing their whereabouts.

CWO-4 A. J. Kutilek and SgtMaj B. Metzger, Jr., 3dMarDiv, c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif., to hear from any former member of Plt. B-18 who

trained at Parris Island during August-October, 1932.

Scotty Pickering, 364 Holton Rd., La Porte, Ind., to hear from Allison E. WOOLSEY who is serving with the 2dMarDiv and William A. MITCHELL who is serving with the 3dMarDiv.

Former Marine Floyd M. Baturin, 2902 North Second St., Harrisburg, Pa., to hear from anyone who served with him at the Marine Corps Institute, 8th & "I" Sts., S. E., Washington, D. C. from November, 1951 to October, 1953.

LCpl W. W. Stevens, Box 254, Baldwin, La., to hear from Sgt R. A. CASAVAH, whose last known duty station was MCRS, Lafayette, La., or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

Former Marine Clarence Ward, 912 West 127th St., Compton, Calif., to hear from Luther S. CLARK, 654788, or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

Former Marine Lyman L. Kettle, Cattaraugus Indian Reservation, Lawtons, N. Y., to hear from LCpl William HOBBS, of Liberty Texas, or LCpl George HATLEY, of Aberdeen, Wash.

Cpl Royce G. Adams, 1563071, MARS-37, MCAS, El Toro, Calif., to hear from Pfc Andrew G. BRUMMEL, 1563072, whose last known address was Memphis, Tenn., or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

Retiring Marine ASSgt Patrick McDonald, 275953, c/o McDonald's Bar and Grill, 512 Mill Ave., Jacksonville, N. C., to hear from anyone who served with him in Lou Diamond's outfit.

Former Marine Joy Motky, 10413 Mt. Auburn, Cleveland 4, Ohio, to hear from Sgt Ronald COLEMAN, whose last known address was "H" Co, 3d Bn, Marines, 3dMarDiv, or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

Former Marine Orrie Nassif, 6th & Pierce, Sioux City, Iowa, to hear from anyone who served at NAD, Hawthorne, Nev., in 1942-43 and anyone who went through boot camp in Plt. 345 in April, 1942.

Morris M. Garrett, 128 Riverside Parkway, Ft. Thomas, Ky., to hear from Col Edwin C. FERGUSON, who commanded the 2d Separate Pack Howitzer Bn., and Col Mervin SCHNEIDER, who commanded the 22d Marines and any other battalion and regimental commanders he served under during WW II.

Former Marine Joseph Pipa, 109 E. Chestnut St., Coatesville, Pa., to hear from Garry ILLINGSWORTH, Jim MURPHY or anyone who served with him in H & S Co., Comm. Plt., 2d Shore Party Bn., 2dMarDiv, Camp Lejeune, N. C.

END

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SOUND OFF

[continued from page 12]

MCO 1130.4C and opportunities which may be afforded him in the event he enlists in the Regular Marine Corps."
—Ed.

CHANGE OF NAME

Dear Sir:

Would you please clarify the ways and means of changing a man's name after he has enlisted in the Marine Corps?

Chapter 5, paragraph 5416, *Marine Corps Manual, Volume I*, does not clarify this for the benefit of making this change after a man has been on active duty. Chapter 3, paragraph

3001, *Personnel and Accounting Manual (PRAM)* refers to paragraph 5416 *Marine Corps Manual, Volume I*.

I say you need only three affidavits from disinterested persons, but my buddy states that you need a court order to change your name.

ASgt Robert L. Raedel
1st Field Artillery Group
Force Troops, FMFPac

29 Palms, Calif.

● Head, Records Branch, Personnel Department, HQMC, said:

"It is the policy of the Marine Corps to change the name on the official records of an individual upon receipt of his written request, supported by copy of a court order and/or affidavits from three responsible but disinterested persons of the community in which he resided. If the affidavits are submitted they must be submitted by persons having knowledge of the facts

and who are able to swear that the person serving in the Marine Corps under one name is in fact one and the same person known to them by a different name." —Ed.

REUNION

1st Corps Motor Transport Co. "C", WWII, will be holding its ninth annual reunion in Kansas City, Kans., 12-14 Aug. For further information write to: Pappy Barnes, 4331 Mission Rd., Kansas City, Kans., or Scotty Pickering, 364 Holton Rd., La Porte, Ind.

RESERVE RETIREMENT PLAN

Dear Sir:

There are several questions about the Reserve retirement plan that I would like to have answered.

I have 17 years Regular and Reserve time but do not know how many of these years will count on retirement pay. I had a break in service from March 4, 1953, to July 7, 1954, at which time I rejoined the Reserve branch and have been a member of the Organized Reserve since that date.

I would like to know how many years satisfactory service I have before 4 March 1953 toward retirement? Can you retire at the end of 20 years satisfactory service with retirement pay? If a person is retired before he has 20 years satisfactory service because he was not physically qualified, will he ever be entitled to retirement or disability pay?

ASSgt Stroud B. Nesbitt, USMCR
Box 279

McKinney, Texas

● Assistant Head, Separation and Retirement Branch, HQMC, sent us this reply:

"A review of ASSgt Nesbitt's case shows that he has completed seven years, four months and 19 days satisfactory service prior to 4 March 1953, and three years since that date, making a total of 10 years, four months and 19 days. One additional year may be satisfactory; however, the credit report on file at this Headquarters is not signed and, therefore cannot be accepted. Prior to 1 July 1949, all service is considered satisfactory. After 1 July 1949, a minimum of 50 points per anniversary year must be earned to be considered satisfactory. Therefore, ASSgt Nesbitt's service from 1 July 1949 through 4 March 1953 is not satisfactory, and there are no credit reports on file subsequent to 28 August 1958.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 83)



the old gunny says...

IN peacetime we talk about the 'school solution' to our tactical problems. The 'school solution' is usually a sound employment of tactical principles for instructional purposes, but it rarely is the only way to solve a problem of combat tactics, decisions or troop movement. In battle there is no approved solution to any tactical situation. A solution that employs superior fire power or more rapid maneuver than the enemy—a solution that destroys the enemy or drives him from his position—a successful seizure of the objective or mission accomplishment, are all acceptable in battle. However, success in battle usually results from the application of proved tactical principles, efficient fire and maneuver techniques, and imagination. Our 'school solutions' in training should cultivate these qualities in our combat leaders at all levels."

* * *

"In battle, casualties vary directly with the time you are exposed to effective enemy fire. Your first objective in an attack or fire fight should be to attain fire superiority. Rommel claimed he won most engagements in France in 1940 by being the first to develop fire superiority. We must react quickly to enemy fire, not by taking cover, but by returning the fire from our firing positions. Rapid deployments and immediate counterfires are desirable. If the enemy fire positions can't be immediately located, fire upon the most likely terrain features that may be concealing him. Call for friendly air observations, build up a supporting fire base and start to maneuver to the flanks of the enemy locality.

"Avoid frontal attacks like the plague—because they are certain death. Keep off open streets or fields. Seek cover and concealment—but always moving in the direction of the objective. Hold the enemy from the front with your supporting fires and strike him with superior fires on his flank. Don't do the

obvious. Attempt the indirect approach. Attempt distractions and ruses to achieve surprise.

"When you have supporting mortar, artillery and air support—move up close behind it. Don't sit and watch the gunnery demonstration. Move under the protection of supporting fire. Get close enough to finish the job with short-range, marching and assault fires as soon as the heavy weapons lift. Move in fast.

"Make your attack violent with every weapon firing—and not wild firing, but

undeveloped and uninhabited terrain of military reservations. This is not typical of most battlefields. Battles are fought for important and key terrain features. Towns, road junctions, river crossings, dominant terrain and lines of communications have been the objectives of military operations down through history. Battles and military campaigns usually follow the roads and highways—or jungle trails. We must use the roads to move on and the surrounding fields and hills to fight on. Save effort by moving on the roads—but be ready to quickly deploy and fire. Never become road-bound. In enemy country, move in tactical column. Check suspicious adjacent areas by observation and reconnaissance with fire. Helicopter-borne patrols may provide flank security—and be ready to seize the high ground. Moving columns should keep going until forced to deploy by the enemy resistance. Then the maneuver elements should go for the high ground and key terrain.

"Don't dig in until the final objective is reached. Then dig in, put out wire and mines. Dig as deep as time and terrain permit. Dig two-man holes; it goes faster. Set up hasty fire positions and a continuous watch. Use your ponchos to cover the trench or hole—then camouflage the entire busi-



calculated and aimed fire in a steady beat. At each unit echelon its support weapons should participate as part of the fire base. Even if only a few rounds are available, they should give some aid to the main attack. Always remember, support weapons in position are doing no good if they are not firing."

* * *

"Most of our training is done on the

ness. Be sure you have a field of fire from down in your fire position. Check your unit communication, signal and control system and square your ammunition away.

"Well, this sort of thing can all add up to a busy day—but if you do these things in training they will be done better in battle—and they are fundamental to combat success." **END**



SOME RATHER startling versions of Marine Corps history circulated through Washington, D. C., when all five World War II division associations met the last week in June to conduct some business and trade seabags-full of barbed-wire stories.

The occasion was officially called the second Fleet Marine Force Concurrent Reunions (the first massed reunion was also held in Washington, in 1955). Unofficially, it was a time for the old and new breeds to link glasses, recall the combat days and be properly argumentative about which outfit took which island. For three days, history was

mangled with indisputable testimony like:

"A single platoon—mine—wiped out more than 10,000 enemy on the 'Canal. All them other outfits was only support."

"Look, buddy, the twenty-eighth never would have reached the top of Suribachi without those three riflemen they borrowed from the Twenty-seventh."

"I thought it was the Second Division that yelled 'yahoo' on the Yalu."

There were times, however, when tale-swapping conviviality gave way to other emotions: rapt attention at a demonstration of the Corps' present-day striking power, admiration for the

precision of an 8th and Eye evening parade and reverent remembrance at memorial services. There was also some convention-type politicking at individual association business meetings.

Although all the divisions met at hotels within a five-mile radius, a lot of time was spent on individual association matters. The units were massed four times.

The First Division was one of three to start early-bird registrations, the desk opening early in the evening of June 24th. As soon as name plates were made up, the "old breeders" were directed to a no-host cocktail party to meet foxhole buddies and recount:



All six World War Two divisions met in Washington, D. C., to conduct business, see the "New Breed" perform and trade barbed-wire stories

CONCURRENT REUNIONS

by AGySgt Mel Jones



Photo by Capital Photo Service

LtGen Lewis B. "Chesty" Puller (Retd) was applauded to the rostrum during the banquet

Photo by AGySgt Robert Hallahan, Jr.

The hard core of Regulars who greeted the just-off-the-farm kids who poured into New River (later Camp Lejeune) to form the division. The worm-shaped island called Guadalcanal and the red rivers, Tenaru and Mata-nikau. The nine months in Melbourne, followed by another transport ride to half-mooned New Britain. Then, Peleliu . . . and, finally, Okinawa. The five years of occupation duty in China and Guam. And how, eight years to the day of the 'Canal landings, the First (then a pro-

visional brigade) was committed to the Pusan Perimeter. And about the Inchon landing, the trek from the Reservoir and how most of the Corps passed through the First during the three years it fought in Korea.

While these memories were being embellished at one hotel, the Second Division was across town lifting a few and recalling:

How the Second Brigade became the Second Division at San Diego in 1941, and then division units scattered from the barrenness of Iceland to the lushness of

TURN PAGE





Versile Babcock drove his family and friends from Michigan to D. C., leaving no doubt he was once

Photo by SSgt Russell Savatt
in the First Division. Many former Marines drove across the country to attend the combined reunion



Photo by SSgt Russell Savatt
Guinn Rasbury, Second Divvy reunionite, took family pictures during a Washington excursion

REUNIONS (cont.)

Samoa. How the Second regrouped at New Zealand, then clobbered Guadalcanal's neighbors, Gavutu and Tanambogo islands. Then the salty hell which was the watery walk onto Tarawa's beaches, followed by a couple of hunks of real estate with strangely musical names, Saipan-Tinian. How the Second was in reserve at Iwo and Okinawa, except for a task force composed of the Eighth Marines who took part in the final Okinawan push. And, finally, how hard it was on occupation duty in Japan, but even tougher to move to Lejeune in 1946.

While the First and Second Divisions were having their early-arrival do-you-remembers, the Third Division was quiet. But the next morning, when registration opened, former Third Divvy troops remembered:

That the division was paper-formed in the States and person-

nel-manned at New Zealand in 1943. That the rain forests of Bouganville were as tough as the steep flank of Guam. That, though designated as reserve at Iwo, the Third was ashore two days after the assault waves and stayed ashore until all resistance was dug out of the sulphur. And that the divvy was deactivated after the Pacific fracas, then redesignated in 1951 to side with the First and Second as the Corps' only three active divisions at present.

The Fourth Division, circulating through a hotel across the street from the First, also had day-before registrations, followed by an I-remember beer bust. There were wide variations on:

The division's organization in '43 and, just a few months later, how it became the first divvy to travel directly from the States to combat . . . at Roi Namur and Kwajalein. The 13 months when the Fourth pounded across four major beachheads; Kwajalein, Saipan, Tinian and Iwo. The



Photo by SSgt Russell Savatt

The Third Division Association scheduled a fashion show for the ladies (above) while the men conducted a business meeting (R)



Photo by LCpl Bennett Richman

linking-up with the Second for the Saipan beachhead, the Tinian beaches the Japanese called "impossible to land on," and the volcanic ash the Fourth and Fifth shared at Iwo because they were the assault outfits. Then, the return home in 1945, the first Pacific divvy to rotate Stateside.

When the Fifth Division opened its registration desk early the first day, a line of former boondocker-wearers were already discussing:

How the Fifth spearheaded but one landing and was involved in only 36 days of continual combat, but it was at a spot which has become rather well-known: Iwo Jima. How, in that relatively short time, 14 Medals of Honor and 94 Navy Crosses attested to the tenacity of the Fifth's fighting. How the outfit occupied Sasebo for a short time, then was split. And, finally, how the divvy was disbanded in 1946, after two years of hard-knocking adulthood.

TURN PAGE



Photo by SSgt Russell Savatt

Fourth Division Association headquarters was prominently advertised just above the marquee of one of the five hotels used by reunionites

REUNIONS (cont.)



Photo by SSgt Joseph Shkumba

At Quantico, the former Marines visited a static display of the Corps' new firepower. They also witnessed a vertical envelopment assault



Photo by SSgt Russell Savatt

British Major W. F. Martin-Clemens (C) traveled from England to attend. With him are BGen J. Keating (Retd); LtCol W. Sivertsen (R)

The Sixth Division played an unusual role in World War II and an equally uncommon part at the reunion. The Sixth has no organized association, therefore had no headquarters hotel. All former Sixth veterans were invited to attend other division functions, a plausible invitation because most Sixth Division personnel had been with other divisions before. . . .

The Sixth was assembled at Guadalcanal in 1944. All its units were combat-hardened; the Raiders which became the Fourth Marines, the Twenty-second Marines which had been baptized at Eniwetok, the Twenty-ninth Marines from Saipan, etc. Seven months after activation, the divvy was locking bayonet lugs with the enemy at Okinawa, establishing forever the memories of Sugar Loaf Hill and Naha. The Sixth was the only division which never saw the States. It was activated overseas and reduced to the Third Brigade after short tours in Japan and China.



Photo by SSgt Russell Savatt

Cdr Paul Bradley was with the 28th Marines at Suribachi. The chaplain flew in from Cuba to revisit buddies from the Fifth

Those were the historic capsules which were devoured by the men who manufactured the capsules. And, if there was a bit of enlargement on truth here and there, who could deny the right?

Although individual association meetings and parties were center-staged, there were four occasions when the units massed.

The first was a trip 30 miles or so south to Quantico to witness some familiar sights and a few new scenes. To the Pacific island-hoppers, screaming close air support strikes might have been reminiscent and the dogged air-ground push against pillboxes possibly drew retrospective smiles. The locust-wave of helicopters landing assault troops and evacuating wounded was unusual, however, and so was that odd creature, the Ontos, when it treaded out to knock over a tank. To the old campaigners, the demonstration was like a bride's trousseau; something old, something new.

The same evening, the combined associations were guests of the Marine Band and Drum and Bugle Corps and the men from 8th and Eye. Because so many of the reunionites attended, the ceremonies were switched from Marine Barracks to the vastness of the District's armory. There, in the sweltering heat of a (continued on page 73)



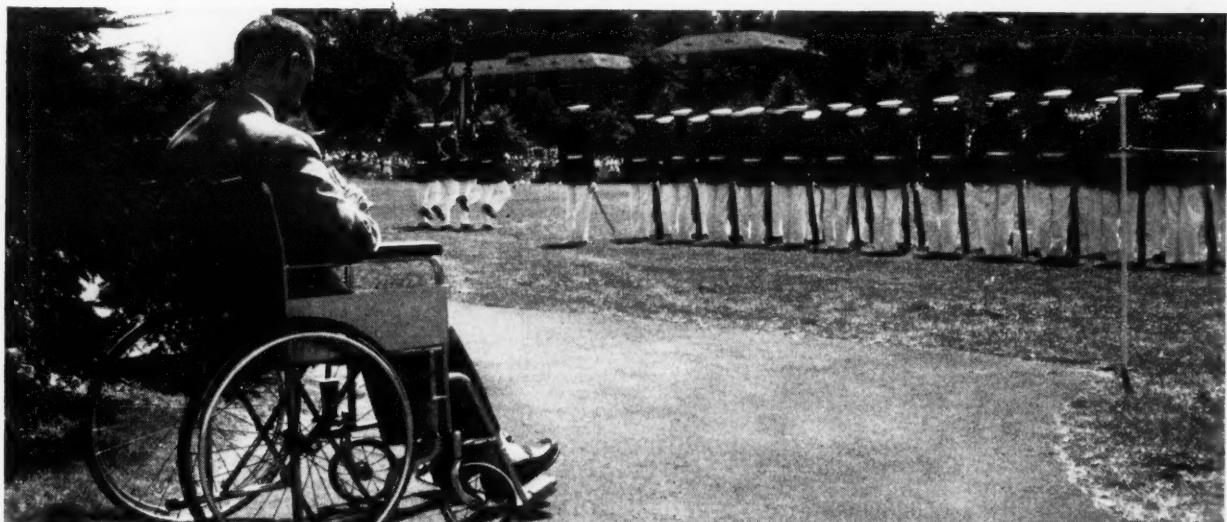
Photo by SSgt Russell Savatt

The U. S. Marine Band, with the Drum and Bugle Corps, plus 8th and Eye troops, staged an evening parade in the vast D. C. armory



Photo by SSgt Russell Savatt

General David Shoup honored departed Marines at services held at the Marine Memorial



Former corporal Charles Raspa, of Broomall, Pa., watched an 8th and Eye formation at the memorial

Photo by SSgt Russell Savatt
services. Raspa is a Purple Heart veteran of the Fourth Division. All divisions attended the services

CAMP BOGG BY-THE-SEA

Parents . . . Send Your Child to Camp This Summer!

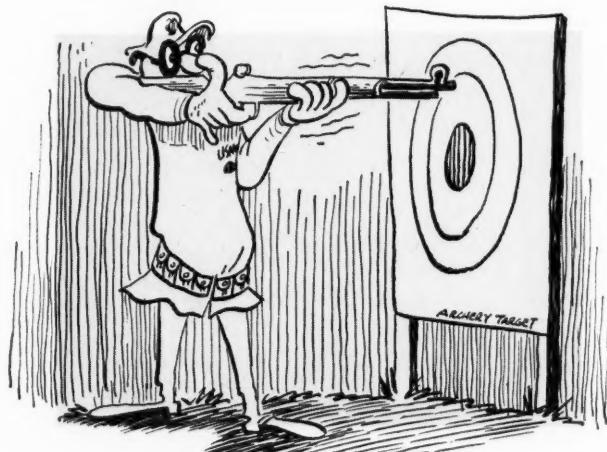
Tired of sending your lovable incorrigibles to over-populated, ill-equipped Summer schools, or to expensive, big-deal Summer camps? Here's the answer; a fully accredited summertime,

playtime camp conveniently located on a broad expanse of water (ocean). Thousands of undeveloped acres in which to run and play in the healthful Summer sun.

CAMP BOGG BY-THE-SEA

We offer the following courses (complete list on request):

by Bristow



Marksmanship

Improves eyesight, competitive. Fun on rainy and windy days.



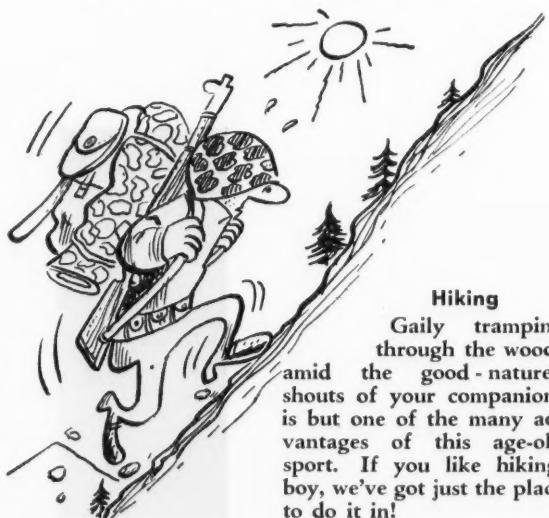
Boating

Young yachtsmen are seen building teamwork, molding character. A popular sport designed to work off unsightly city fat.



Camping Out

Back to nature! Call of the wild! Camping out under the twinkling seaboard stars is truly a memorable experience.



Hiking

Gaily tramping through the woods amid the good-natured shouts of your companions is but one of the many advantages of this age-old sport. If you like hiking, boy, we've got just the place to do it in!



Swimming

A cool, refreshing dip keeps those young muscles toned up just so.



Crafts

This young gentleman is learning the culinary art, an asset that will prove invaluable in married life.



Hobbies

Music appreciation, especially field music, is encouraged. In fact, a required subject.

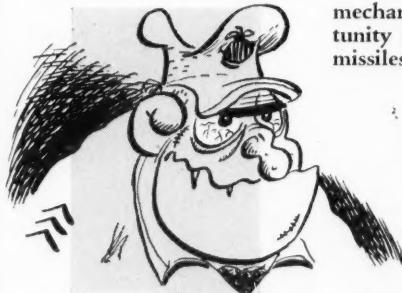


Co-ed, too! ^



Riding ^

We have a complete stable (mostly mechanized), also afford the opportunity to blast off in manned, guided missiles.



A Friendly Message From one of our Senior Counselors.

Our camp offers enriching Summer program under the personal direction of experienced leaders who make boys of self-confident men. Our campus contains several modern buildings, numerous out buildings, a mature staff, delicious food. Tricks learned here lead to fulltime jobs. Degrees offered: PFC and CPL. The sunny, cheerful confines of our camp welcome you with open arms. See you there!

CAMP BOGG-BY-THE-SEA
a non-profit organization

DON'T WAIT!
Tear off the top of your
local recruiting center &
mail with coupon

Friendly Counselor

Camp Bogg By-The-Sea

Your offer interests me. Please send psychiatrist.

Name—Address—City—State—Zone—Date—

Age—Height—Weight—Physical Condition—

Sex—Male—Female—

Hobbies—Sports—Other Interests—List Some—

Tell us all about yourself in 25 words or more.

Education—Yes—No—Grammar—High School—College—

Check here if eligible for veterans' training.



THE MIGHTY Mite, specifically designed to meet the Marine Corps' requirement for a lightweight vehicle, is currently being tested by all three Marine divisions. The tests are to determine the number of Mighty Mites required by Fleet Marine Force units for performance in helicopter operations. Others are undergoing tests at Quantico and Camp Lejeune.

The Marine Corps initiated the Mighty Mite program in 1951 to find out if this vehicle would meet a requirement for a lightweight tactical vehicle. Goal—to develop a utility truck suitable for use by front-line infantry units.

An Army Ordnance contract covering production of this new jeep-type vehicle was awarded to American Motors Corporation, Detroit, Mich. It began in 1958 at the Special Products Division.

Called the Mighty Mite, because of its compactness, rugged construction and roadability, the new vehicle weighs only 1750 pounds and is powered by a four-cylinder, V-4, air-cooled engine. Before it was delivered in quantity for field testing this year, the Corps watched it develop during the past nine years. It is not a replacement for the Mechanical Mule, but it will eventually retire the jeep.

During *Leatherneck*'s visit to Camp Pendleton in June, the newness of the Mighty Mite was immediately realized. Everywhere it was driven, it turned

by MSgt Robert E. Johnson

Photos by

AGySgt Charles B. Tyler

THE MIGHTY MITE !

Like the current civilian trend toward smaller cars, the Marine Corps is going compact, but for a different reason

heads and caused comments. It reminded one of a drug store cowboy eying a passing blonde. When parked, it caused passers-by to stop and look. Most talk centered around the all-aluminum, V-4 engine.

From October, 1952, to September, 1955, prototypes were tested extensively and improved by the Marine Corps Equipment Board. As a result of the tests and field evaluation, it was concluded that the Mighty Mite (with certain modifications) would fulfill the Corps' requirement for a lightweight 1/4-ton 4x4 truck. It gives a greater capability and effectiveness during a helicopter-vertical assault by limiting the weight of vehicles and other equipment. Decreasing the weight of individual items of combat equipment used in helicopter operations is a continuing Corps objective.

The first seven pre-production pilot models were produced and tested during 1959. The Marine Corps Equipment Board's tests determined mechanical acceptability. The tests also covered durability, adequacy of performance, reliability and suitability for amphibious operations.

At the Aberdeen Proving Ground, the vehicle underwent engineering and limited durability tests. The Detroit arsenal graded the Mite on ease of maintenance. A user test was conducted by the U.S. Army Armor Board and American Motors Corporation gave it full manufacturing tests.

The M422 (Mighty Mite) was de-

veloped primarily to provide the Fleet Marine Force with a lightweight truck which could be transported ashore by helicopter even under adverse weather conditions. The vehicle's relatively light weight of 1750 pounds makes it feasible to provide a ground transport capability with helicopter-landed units under all conditions permitting helicopter operations.

With Test Phase I (mechanical) now history, Phase II began in April to determine operational use. The Marine Corps received 243 production models during the period March, through May, 1960.

At Camp Pendleton, Major Joseph P. Cushing, Division Motor Transport Officer, was named Project Officer for the First Marine Division. He's assisted by Captain Don E. McPherson, First Lieutenant William D. Maddox, AM-Sgt Forrest E. Scrape, GySgt George S. Gupchik, SSgt Adelbert Adam and ASSgt Thomas N. Bell. Mr. Roscoe C. Hibbard, a retired Marine captain and former motor transport officer, acts as technical field representative for American Motors.

Mr. Hibbard, who has been active in the Mite program since February 1959, said: "I'm just as much a Marine as I am a factory man. After serving 27 years in the Corps, my paramount interest is still giving the Corps what it needs and wants."

Maj Cushing, who, with other members of his project staff worked on the recent Mechanical Mule testing phase,

has been associated with motor transport for the past 22 years. When asked if he thought the Mighty Mite was too light for practical use, he said: "Decidedly not. It will be an excellent vehicle after certain modifications are made. We've got a command or utility vehicle which is half the weight of a jeep, without sacrificing performance."

AM-Sgt Scrape, as did 1st Lt Maddox, SSgt Adam and ASSgt Bell, attended the Mighty Mite course of instruction at the Detroit arsenal. Motor transport personnel also attended from Parris Island, Lejeune, Quantico and Cherry Point. It was Scrape who walked away with the "scholastic marbles." He recorded a 100 percent score during the two-week course, marking him as one of a few (if not the only) Marine to attain a perfect school record.

Commented Major General Henry R. Paige, Commanding General, First Marine Division, at meritorious mast: "I believe that this is the first time I've heard of a student scoring a perfect mark at a school." AM-Sgt Scrape received a letter of commendation from the general at this meeting.

The Mighty Mite is a product of American Motors. Its official name is Truck, 1/4-Ton, Lightweight, M422 (Mighty Mite). The important features incorporated in this vehicle are lightness, compact dimensions, aluminum engine and body, and four-speed transmission. It has essentially the same ruggedness and versatility as the "proved" jeep. Made largely of alu-

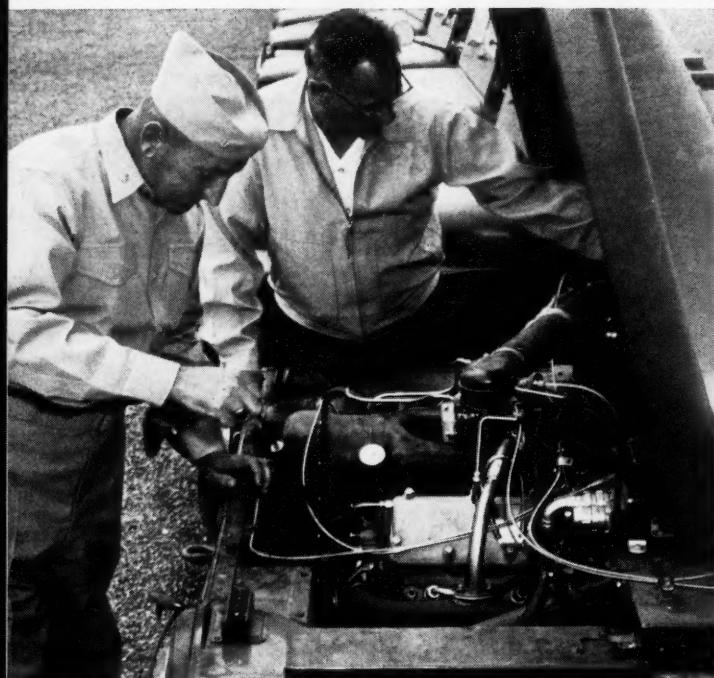
(Text continued on page 27)



During mountain road evaluation tests, the Mighty Mite scurried up and down steep inclines with ease



Individual suspension allowed the Mighty Mite to take rough terrain without restricting its steering
TURN PAGE



Maj J. Cushing and R. Hibbard checked the oil in one of the Mites received by the First Divvy



ASSgt Thomas Bell got help from Mr. Hibbard in adjusting one of the inboard-mounted brake drums

**The Mighty Mite weighs only 1750 pounds and is
powered by a four-cylinder, V-4, air-cooled engine**



PFC T. J. Bryant found that the auxiliary seats folded away into the tail gate when not being used



At the Fifth Marines drivers' school, prospective drivers checked the new Mites from every angle



If SSgt A. Adam had worn a snorkel he could have taken the Mighty Mite to its maximum depth of 60 inches

MIGHTY MITE (cont.)

minimum, the Mite can ford streams up to 60 inches and turn in a 15 3/4-foot radius. At the flip of a lever, the operator can employ two- or four-wheel drive, or neutral for power take-off.

Let's consider the problems of preparing a World War II vehicle for fording. "It took roughly one hour to waterproof a truck," Capt McPherson said. "Grease, putty, mastic material,

wrapping and other items had to be used. In contrast, the Mighty Mite has a built-in fording allowance."

"Like the jeep, the Mighty Mite serves as an excellent cargo carrier for munitions, parts, armament and food, providing up-front support for combat troops," AMSgt Scrape said. "It is also designed to mount a 106-mm. recoilless rifle or machine gun, enabling it to be employed in support of an anti-tank mission in the field."

In the Mighty Mite, the Marine Corps has a helicopter-transportable vehicle which possesses the cross-coun-

try mobility required to operate tactically with the assault force. The aluminum engine develops 55 hp at 3600 rpm. Its 24-volt electrical system is standard in all other tactical vehicles.

Because of the lightness of the vehicle and its short wheel base, it has positive steering—similar to that of a sports car. "It corners as fast as a cat on a living room rug," AMSgt Scrape said. As an owner of a sports car, he was able to give a comparison.

"The gas tank capacity of 13.1 gallons allows the Mighty Mite to cruise

TURN PAGE



ective
angle

Personnel from the First Division found more than enough space for the new vehicle in the DUKW



The Mighty Mite towed rations on skids to where an HUS helicopter could hook on and air-lift them

MIGHTY MITE (cont.)



approximately 225 miles before more petrol is added," SSgt Adam said. "It can be driven at speeds from five mph in first gear to about 60 mph in fourth gear."

So peppy is the Mite that First Marine Division motor transport personnel are concerned about reckless speeds. Because of its short wheelbase and positive steering, it could "ground loop" the most experienced driver. "A governor might be the only answer to slow down hot rodders," Maj Cushing said.

At Camp Pendleton, the Mighty Mite will be used in all training exercises, in routine training assignments and in any work or task from which information may be obtained, recorded and reported to assist in a full service evaluation of this vehicle for Marine Corps use in amphibious operations. Since their arrival, the Mites have been used sparingly in field work. Driving, maintenance and school have been emphasized to acquaint motor transport personnel with capabilities and uses.

In June, the Mighty Mite was forded, parachuted and helicopter-lifted in evaluation tests. Desert and mountain operations will follow, as well as transport by fixed wing aircraft, and administration and logistic operations in garrison.

"Although specifically designed as a helilift vehicle," GySgt Gupchik said, "it can be used both as a field- and garrison-type vehicle. Next Fall, it will be given the full cold-weather treatment at Pickle Meadows."

To achieve the desired lightness, it was necessary for American Motors to make extensive use of aluminum and light gauge steel. Such construction normally results in a sacrifice in ruggedness and durability. In the Mighty Mite it did not.

"Our yardstick will be preventive maintenance," AMSgt Scrape said. "In following this rule, field maintenance will be almost eliminated. We will insist and enforce preventive maintenance before, during and after use."

So similar is the Mite to the jeep that a new driver only requires about 30 minutes of instruction before climbing behind the wheel. The dash has a modern car look. Low oil pressure and engine high temperature are indicated by warning lights.

"The transition to a light, aluminum,

← An HUS helicopter from HMR 361 lifted the 1750-pound Mighty Mite without straining a rivet

air-cooled, V-engine is new to the Corps," Maj Cushing said. "At Camp Pendleton, we have 65 mechanics already trained and this figure will rise sharply in the next few months."

Fourth echelon work is permitted and an engine can be completely removed in less than 45 minutes. "One interesting fact," GySgt Gupchik said, "is that the front and rear differentials are interchangeable. This unique feature will cut our spare parts by almost a third."

The all-aluminum body brought out one drawback. The Corps has but a handful of individuals trained in aluminum welding. "We'll have to get personnel trained in this art," Maj Cushing indicated.

In the field, the Mighty Mite has almost the climbing ability of the Mechanical Mule. It can negotiate a side slope of 40 percent, has an angle of approach of 55 percent and angle of departure of 40 percent. The standard, M/100 1/4-ton cargo trailer can be attached for an added payload capability.

Although the Mite is designated as a general purpose personnel and/or cargo carrier, easily adaptable for communication or reconnaissance, or other diversified uses, 10 Mighty Mites are being prepared at the Detroit factory for specialized work. "They will have a six-inch longer wheelbase," Capt McPherson said, "and will be able to

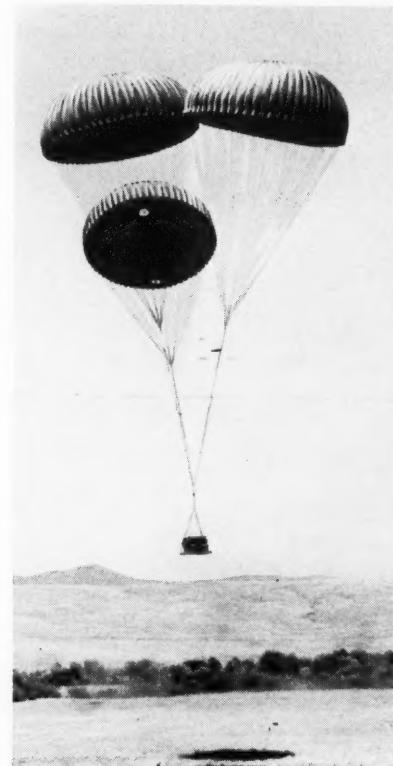
handle specific communication gear."

The bulk of the delivery schedule begins with 50 Mites this coming December. The order will increase to 125 units each month thereafter, until the Marine Corps' order of 1000 vehicles is attained. A price tag of \$5500 each includes fording gear and other necessary items for field employment.

Like the current civilian trend towards smaller cars, the Marine Corps is going compact too. Unlike your next-door neighbor, the Corps wanted a vehicle they could lift, swim, and drop. They found their answer in the Mighty Mite.

Mighty Mite Characteristics

Wheelbase	65"
Length	107"
Width	61"
Height (Maximum)	64 1/2"
Height (Minimum)	44"
Weight	1750 lbs.
Body type	Open cargo
Load (off road)	500 lbs.
Load (improved road)	1000 lbs.
Towed load	1000 lbs.
Speed (maximum)	62 mph.
Fuel capacity	13.1 gals.
Oil capacity (w/filter)	5 qts.
Suspension	Individual
Tire	600x16
Electrical system	24 volt
Frame	Steel
Body	Aluminum
Seats	1 Driver
	1 Passenger
	2 Auxiliary
	END



Just 60 seconds after the Mite hit the deck it was ready to be driven away by the operator



The only thing that slowed up the Mighty Mite in the Horne Ridge area was a flock of sheep in the road



Submitted by SgtMaj F. W. Huppert

This pistol team included SgtMaj F. W. Huppert (front left) now third senior in the Corps, and former QM General Ion Bethel, then captain

CORPS ALBUM

HERE ARE some more of the Old Corps photos which we will print as a regular feature. *Leatherneck* will pay \$15.00 for old photos of this type accepted for publication. Please include date, outfit, or any other available identification. Mail your Old Corps photos to CORPS ALBUM EDITOR, *Leatherneck Magazine*, Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C. All photos will be returned.



Submitted by Mr. J. Vanderhoff

Thirty Marines posed in Peiping, China, during 1931. Along with the two Navy men, they were members of a Naval Radio Group, "NPP"

From time to time, readers have requested information about the Corps Album photos we have printed. The following list of names and addresses of this month's contributors will make it possible for readers to write directly to the owners of the pictures for identification or information not contained in the captions.

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Capt S. Bosbonis, USMC
Aide de Camp, CG 2dMAW
MCAS Cherry Point, N. C.

Mr. Frank Contz
820 Ohio View
Ambridge, Pa.



Submitted by Mr. Dewey N. Dale

Privates of the guard at NAD, Lualualei, Hawaii, patrolled their posts on horseback in the Summer of 1940



Submitted by Capt S. Bosbonia

LtCol Gregory "Pappy" Boyington (left) and Gen Vernon Megee (right) were members of VMF-2 in 1939



Submitted by Mr. Frank Contz

The fire department at the Philadelphia Navy Yard was composed of the Marines who posed in May, 1932

THERE'S A custom up in New England—if the town needs a fire house and the municipal treasury can't even afford a telephone booth, every father and his son contribute time, skill and materials for the fire house.

This is an enduring custom, a bit of Americana which converts an estimated \$135,000 job into a \$5000 community effort—a rather startling feat accomplished at Cherry Point recently.

Cherry Point's Messhall #3 is considered to be the Corps' largest eatery on the East Coast. More than 2900 Marines are fed daily in six wings which branch out from galleys like spider legs. Two other wings are kept ready for sudden personnel influxes.

The chow hall is large . . . and was barren. It was constructed in the furor of late World War II, when buildings had to be functional but not necessarily attractive. Such niceties as ceilings, tile decks and paneling were understandably overlooked. Consequently, up until a couple of months ago, the troops felt as if they were eating in the longest doggoned barn in the States.

This environment has changed, thanks to a multitude of "do-it-ourselves" Marines and civilians. Renovation was instigated by Brigadier General Ralph K. Rottet, CG, MCAF, and

carried out by just about every shop at the Point.

Initially, the aviation men thought they would refinish the wings. But a reconstruction estimate totaled \$135,000, so a new thought train was quickly adopted: let's redecorate.

Navy Captain William Muller, station supply officer, toured the messhall, making notes. The wings were long and narrow, giving a bowling alley effect. The roofs peaked to rafters, with no ceilings to break the barn atmosphere. Bulkheads were painted concrete blocks. And the decks were drab cement which never seemed to hold coats of paint.

Working with his Marine assistant, Lieutenant Colonel Robert Grider, the supply officer started making contacts. He got results.

The Navy's Bureau of Weapons authorized \$5000 for redecorating.

Painting between meals or whenever they had the chance, four messmen and a cook coated the entire interior in five days.

The Carpenter Shop built baffles to break up the length effect, molding them into planters. To fill them, a few plants were bought, but most were dug up from once-cultivated gardens and transplanted.

The Parachute Loft sewed drapes for the bare windows and the Base

Laundry dyed and fireproofed them—along with the tablecloths.

Sailors from the nearby boat docks gathered shroud lines from 700 old parachutes and wove ceilings. They are optical illusion ceilings; if one cranes his head straight up he can still see the rafters, but from a slightly-raised gaze, the criss-crossed lines appear to mesh into solidity.

The Photo Lab, though not equipped for such work, ingeniously color-enlarged group and squadron insignia which were mounted in the wings of the groups concerned.

A bargain hunting expedition concentrated on pictures. At first, photo murals—about five feet long by three feet deep—were purchased by catalog for \$8.95 apiece. Then, someone found a sale . . . and the same type pictures were bought for \$4.99 a mural.

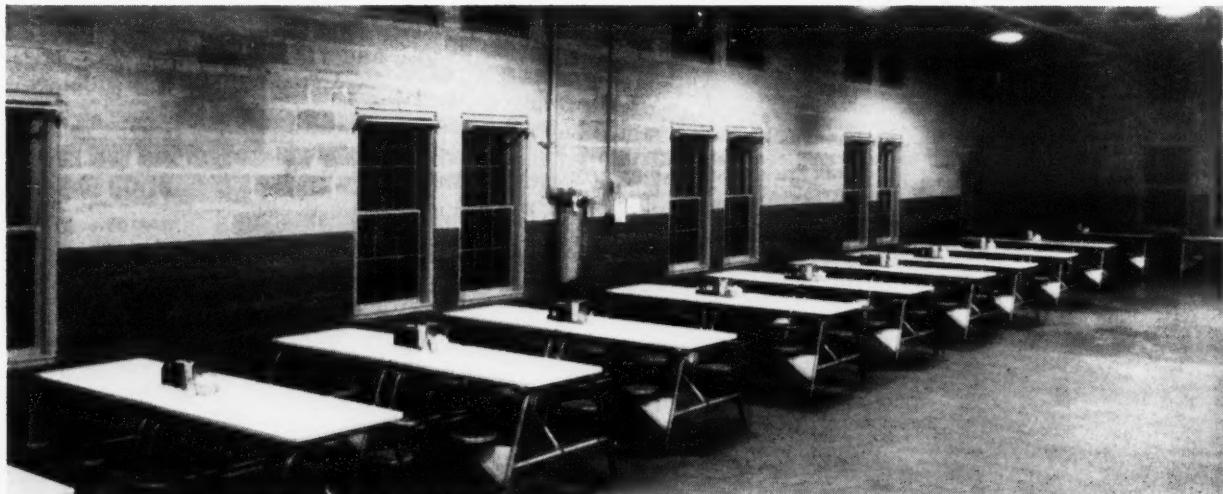
Col Grider researched floor paints and found one which also sealed into scuff-proof hardness. The cement decks were brightened.

Once the redecorating was launched, everyone caught the fever. From civilian technicians to Captain Don Fogt's cooks and messmen, everyone advanced ideas, materials and labor. Capt Fogt is the Second Wing's food service officer.

Representative of how such a fever

A NEW LOOK for no. 3

A community effort transformed the homeliest into the homiest



Before redecoration, Messhall Three's eight wings were functional but unattractive. Barren bulkheads,

loft-like rafters and unadorned windows irritated Cherry Pointers, so they caught the "fix-it" fever

can develop is a story Capt Muller will tell at the drop of a hint.

MSgt John Stram has been in the Food Service field for 20 years, and had been mess sergeant of Messhall #3 for three years. Time and again he'd heard talk of renovation.

When Capt Muller first saw the sergeant, he prophesied, "Sergeant, we're going to decorate this place. Here's what we plan. . . ."

Stram listened wooden-faced, then said, "Begging your pardon, Sir, but I've seen 'em come and go. I've heard all sorts of ideas. But no one has done a thing yet."

Later, when the carpenters moved in and started to work, the mess sergeant watched just as woodenly for a while, then was seen to break into a smile which seemed to reflect "Well, just maybe. . . ."

Still later, when a couple of wings had been finished and the captain and sergeant were awaiting the Commanding General's visit, Sgt Stram turned to the supply officer and said, "Sir, I think we have time to paint that bulkhead before the general gets here."

"Have you got the manpower?"
"Vessir!"

And the mess sergeant *did* have the manpower.

Himself.

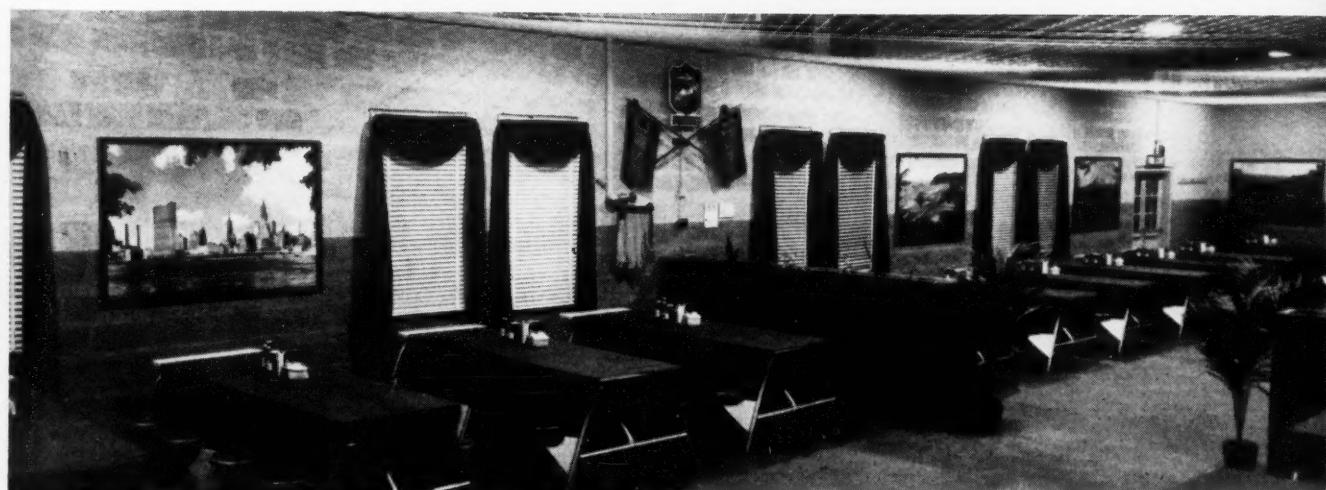
END

by AGySgt Mel Jones

Official USMC Photos



Barn-like effect (above) was abolished with plants, baffles, murals and curtains, yielding an eye-catching passageway (below) at little expense



After the aviation Marines started their campaign, they found that bargaining brightens the household.

The murals were bought at a sale; the baffles and flags were homemade; the draperies were salvaged



The picturesque blend of old and new that typifies today's Spain is no better exemplified than by the

centuries-old, donkey-drawn cart approaching Rota's main gate behind a modern European automobile

Post of the Corps ROTA

BEFORE THE year is out, the last of the first will be gone from Rota's Marine Barracks. Only three officers and 16 enlisted remain of the vanguard who were aboard three years ago when the joint Spanish-American Naval Base was commissioned.

Like Major General Smedley Butler's Marines, who erected a model camp atop a mountain of mud at Brest, France, in 1918, and Major General Philip Torrey's First Division, who hacked Tent City out of the wilderness which is now Camp Lejeune, the remnants of Rota's original Marine complement can take home with them the satisfaction of having helped to create something from nothing.

Just as, today, the \$110 million,

6000-acre complex is really *something*, a scant three years ago it was strictly nothing.

ASgt Philip T. Cummins, who left his young bride in the U.S. when he reported to Rota in September, 1957, recalls: "It would be easier to tell you what we didn't have in those first days than what we did. There was no mess hall; we had to march a half mile to the Bachelor Officers Quarters to eat. We had no exchange or commissary, no theater, no chapel, no enlisted man's club."

Major Leroy C. Harris, Jr., now the Executive Officer, arrived two months before ASgt Cummins. "There were about 125 Marines aboard then," he said. "Since that time, our strength has only increased by 35 men, but our

duties have approximately quadrupled. Initially, we guarded only the Mainside Area; now, our mission includes security for the Naval Magazine area, the Naval Fuel Depot and the harbor facilities."

Still another of Rota's young old-timers is CWO2 Edward S. Rust, who commands the 2d Guard Platoon. Gunner Rust recalls: "Our sentries weren't armed then. They carried only night sticks. We weren't permitted to carry rifles even for close order drill. And I suppose it was a surprise to the new men not to see our country's flag flying. But some of these conditions still haven't changed. Only the Spanish Flag (which is, by coincidence, the same colors as the Marine Corps—scarlet and gold) flies over the base."

**The area from which
Columbus embarked on his
epochal voyage is now
the site of a mighty U. S.
Naval Base; Marines
guard this bastion where
only Spain's flag flies**

by MSgt Clay Barrow

Photos by
Louis R. Lowery
Leatherneck Photo Director

And, although we are now armed, we carry only pistols and shotguns—no rifles."

Like ASgt Cummins, ASgt David G. Sawdey didn't bring his wife and child to Rota until he had been there about six months. Now in the ultra-modern quarters provided by the Navy, Sawdey said, "When Phil Cummins and I arrived, housing construction was about one-third completed. There was no school, no organized Special Services, we washed our laundry by hand, and transportation was very difficult unless you owned a car. As the time approaches for our leaving, when we compare what we had to what we have, we really appreciate what a tremendous duty station this now is."

Sawdey and his wife, like many

TURN PAGE



Although M-1s are not used on post, they were carried as Marines raced from their barracks during a practice alert



Spanish Rear Admiral Eduardo Cuadrado, (R) who commands the base, posed with Capt J. A. Smith, USN, and LtCol W. J. Sullivan

ROTA (cont.)

Rota-based couples, will be taking home a special souvenir of Rota: their second child, born there, has the distinction of dual Spanish-American citizenship, with a birth certificate in both languages.

Rota Naval Base came into being as a result of mutual defense agreements, signed in 1953, between the Spanish and American governments. Its primary mission is to support U.S. ships and aircraft operating in the Eastern Atlantic and Mediterranean. But it has other,



The Corporal of the Guard, ACpl Bert A. Lamb, made radio contact with the roving patrol to pass on orders from ASgt David Sawday



A Spanish and a U. S. Marine on roving patrol paused to chat with a Spanish Marine sentry whose post is outside the base

landmarks are its 12,100-foot runway, second longest in Europe, and its mile-and-a-quarter breakwater.

Rota's airstrip, second only in length to Madrid's Terrejon, can accommodate the heaviest of today's aircraft. But it is the breakwater, the artificial harbor's most prominent feature, that staggers the imagination. It is the first major harbor in the world designed around the "tetrapod" system. Tetrapods resemble immense concrete children's jacks. Cast at Rota in steel molds, the four-pronged monsters stand 10 to 12 feet high and come in three weights: eight, 16 and 25 tons. Ten thousand tetrapods, mostly 25-tonners, were sunk

to form this engineering marvel.

The Naval Base has a Spanish Commander, Rear Admiral Eduardo Cuadradó, and an area of 171 acres within the compound is reserved for the Spanish Navy's use.

Similar to the situation in Naples, Italy, where Italian Carabinieri and U.S. Marines divide the responsibility for internal and external security, Marines at Rota have an extremely close working relationship with the Spanish Marine Corps. Spanish and American Marines stand side-by-side on the base's two gates and, on roving patrols, a U.S. Marine drives while a Spanish Marine "rides shotgun."

equally important, functions. For example, at Rota's Navy Fuel Depot, sea-borne fuels are fed into the 485-mile-long Air Force operated pipeline for transfer to the three U.S. Air Force bases in Spain's interior.

American ships look to Rota for supplies of fuel, ammunition and replacements for their carrier-type aircraft, as well as medical, supply and communications support.

The Naval Base is located near the southwest corner of the Spanish mainland, on the fabled Bay of Cadiz. In many ways its topography is reminiscent of such hallowed Marine "stompin' grounds" as Wake and Johnston Islands in the Pacific. From the air, the billiard-table-flat base's major



ASgt Sawday looked his squad's defensive positions over quickly as the off-duty guard section participated in ultra-realistic field exercises



From the flight tower, the highest point on the billiard-table-flat base, these two Marines could see practically all the base's 6000 acres

Responsible to Adm Cuadrado is Captain James A. Smith, USN, who commands all U.S. Naval Activities, which includes overall command of the Marine Barracks.

Lieutenant Colonel William J. Sullivan commands the five officers and 160 enlisted Marines who live in a four-to-a-cubicle barracks as modern as any in the Corps. Of the eight barracks now occupied at Rota, Marine Barracks was the first ready for occupancy. Sixteen of its rooms are currently being used for office space, classrooms, or staff quarters.

"Guard duty is much the same the world over," LtCol Sullivan says, "only

the ground rules differ. Our gate sentries, for example, aren't armed, nor are the Spanish Marines on the gate. Our guard is relieved at 1300 daily, which works out better since our training is conducted in the mornings. A perimeter road surrounds the base, but no Marine patrols it; that is the job of the Spanish Marines. These are small differences, and they are not what give Rota its reputation as a 'good duty station.'

What nudges Rota out of the "average" column and 'way over to the "outstanding" category as a duty station is not easy to pinpoint. As has been said, when you need a good reputation, it's

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A lone Marine sentry scanned his post from a tower located in the ammunition storage area



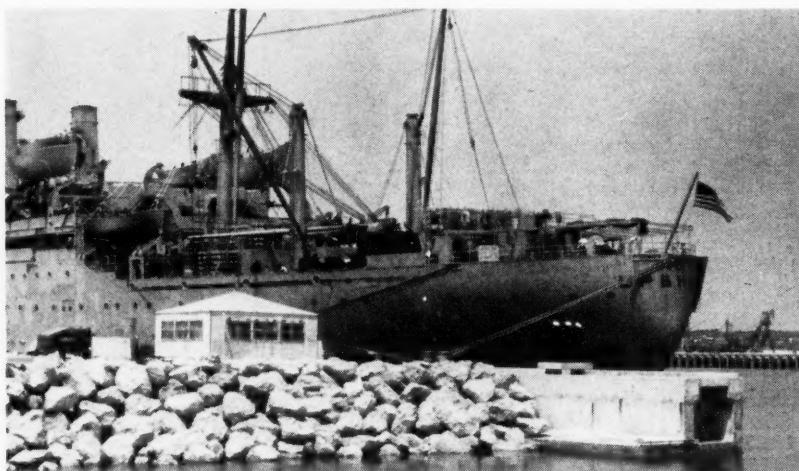
The bulk of the food served in the Navy messhall is shipped in from the U. S. Danish meats, butter

and cheese are served. Milk, cottage cheese and ice cream are produced by the Navy on the base

ROTA (cont.)



SgtMaj Frederick W. Huppert, Jr., third senior enlisted man in the Corps, discussed weapons with a group of Spanish enlisted Marines.



An MSTS ship, the Upshur, tied up at Rota's dock, where moored ships are serviced with electricity, water and telephone connections



Rota, of course, has a "Hostess House," which provides temporary, inexpensive lodgings for service dependents until housing is available

far too late to begin acquiring one. Rota's has been building since those first primitive days.

Maybe the key word is *progress*. While officials speak of the "nearly completed" base, it is obvious to the 2400 Navy and Marine Corps personnel stationed there that the base will continue to grow; the facilities will continue to expand; the duty, good as it now is, will continue to get better and better.

Who, among the first hundred Marines, would have foreseen a virtually self-sufficient community producing its own electricity and heat in less than three years? Who would have visualized the sandy strip of bottom land's conversion to an oasis of broad boulevards, blooming flowers, green lawns?

CWO2 Rust recalls: "The vast expansion program is due to the imagination, initiative (and money) of the U.S. Navy and the industry and know-how of all hands—particularly the SeaBees—stationed here. Marines have pitched in, too. We personally built, and assisted in stocking, the Post Stables. We built a small bore rifle and pistol range. We brought in culture, too, by starting the officer and enlisted Toastmaster Clubs."

Marines who enjoy the social life can (depending on their horsepower) frequent one of three service clubs. The Enlisted Man's Club and the Chief's Club were both recently enlarged. The Officers' Club is as elaborate as any in the Navy. All three serve meals and feature big-name European entertainers.

Golfers can play on the nine-hole course (soon to be expanded to 18) or practice on the golf driving range. Swimmers can take their choice of the Bay of Cadiz or the Olympic-sized swimming pool. What's your game—tennis, volleyball, softball, baseball, football, soccer, archery? The facilities for all are there. Marines, incidentally, are currently making a shambles of the local intramural leagues. They won the softball championship. Their football record was 16 wins and no losses. They annexed first place in the basketball tourney, winning 14 of 16 games. Their current record in volleyball is 9 and 3. They won last year's small bore rifle championship and will undoubtedly retain it with their record of three wins in as many matches this year.

Marine shooters have a decided advantage; one of the oldest of the old pros in the Corps—SgtMaj Frederick W. Huppert, Jr.—is the Barracks Sergeant Major. SgtMaj Huppert, a distinguished rifle and pistol shot, was knocking the black out of the bull's-eye

before most of his Marines were born. With 34 years of service behind him, he is currently the second senior sergeant major in the Corps.

SgtMaj Huppert, with his wife and two sons, lives in one of the 495 on-base housing units for married personnel with dependents.

In order not to disrupt the guard of the day too much too often, LtCol Sullivan encourages his troops to take their annual leave in two 15-day increments, but does not frown on longer leave periods. ASgt Cummins and his wife, for example, took a 30-day leave last year in their 1960 (\$1160) Volkswagen and visited eight countries.

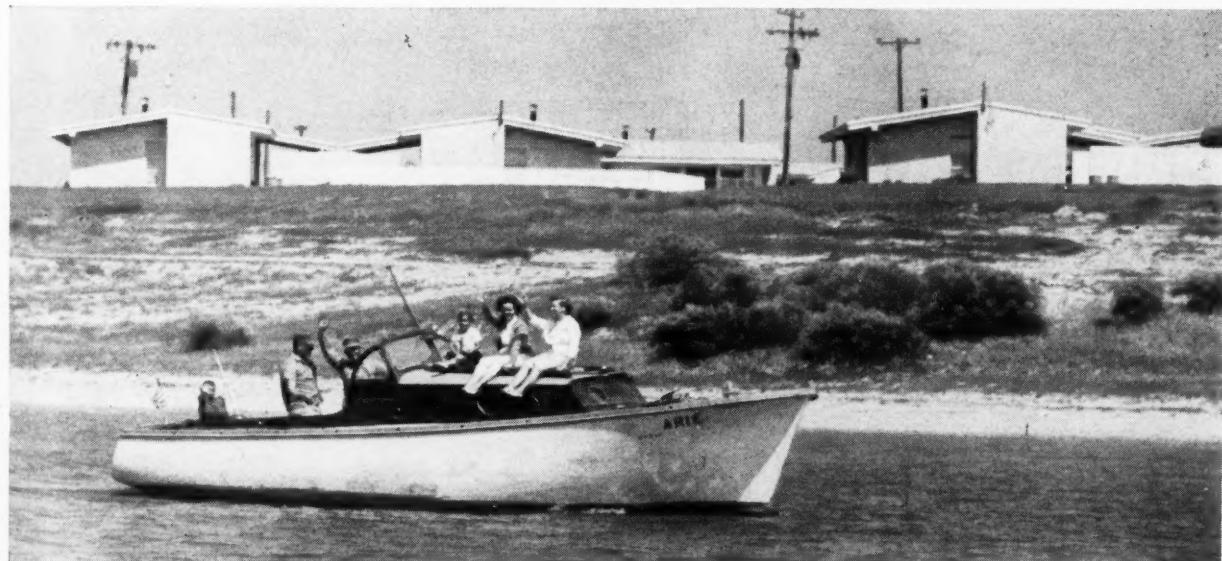
Many of the command manage to get to Madrid. The 450-mile trip is an often uncomfortable one, but the beautiful capital city is worth the trip. Perhaps the two most memorable sights are located an hour's drive north of the city. The Royal Monastery of the Escorial, completed in 1584, was built by Spain's greatest king, Phillip II, at the height of Spain's glory. It is the burial place for Spain's kings and queens.

A little way beyond, in the rugged mountains, is the recently completed "Valley of the Fallen," one of the most breathtaking monuments in all of Europe. Carved out of a solid mountain of stone, and topped by a cross 450 feet high, which can be seen in Madrid, 40 miles away, this tribute to the dead of Spain's Civil War will surely rank as one of the world's great tourist attractions. Entering through massive doors, the visitor finds himself in a huge hall, 100 feet wide and 900 feet long, at

(Text continued on page 42)



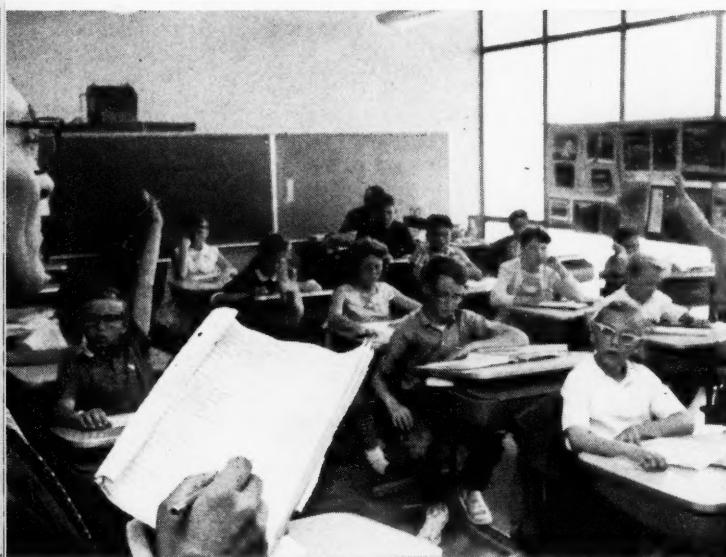
ASgt P. T. Cummins prepared to broil a steak on his patio. Marines' homes (top) are spacious, comfortable



ASSgt Charles Seijo, (waving), a Spanish-speaking Marine, is possibly the most fluent (and certainly

the best-known, best-liked) American serviceman in Rota. He acts as the barracks' official interpreter

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The David Glasgow Farragut School is named after the Navy's first admiral, who was the son of a Spaniard



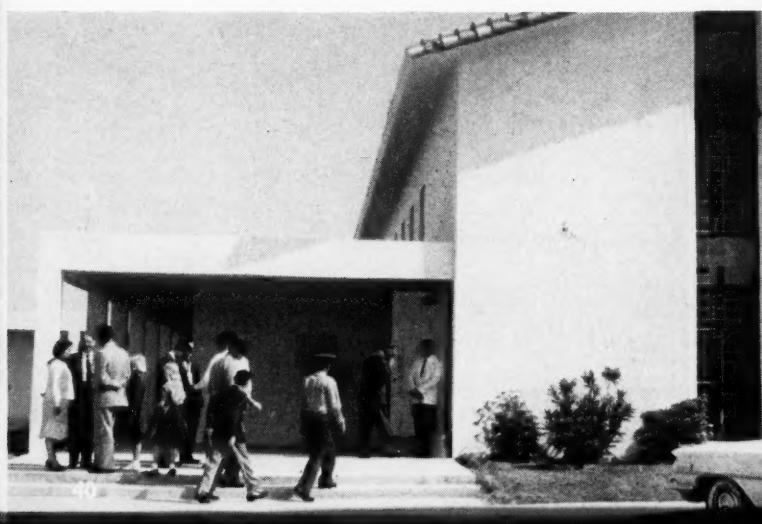
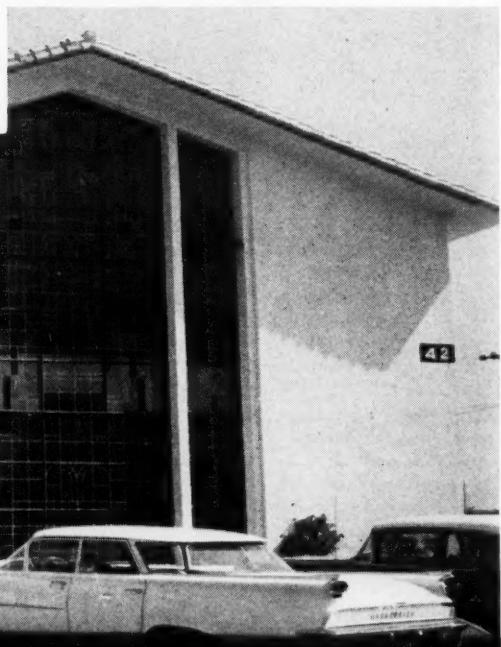
The commissary stocks canned goods as well as staples, meats and frozen foods

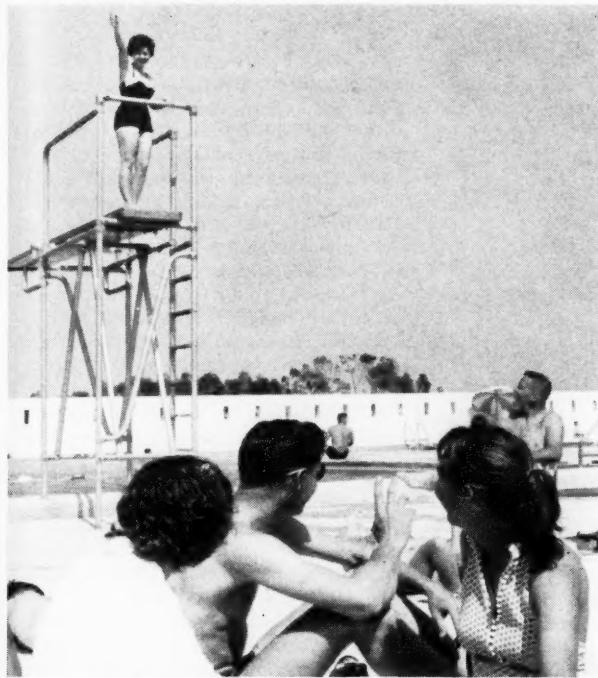


Carolynn Honey (L) and Westley Jane Sullivan helped PFCs R. F. Hawkins and R. E. Guffee beat the heat

Rota has become virtually a self-sufficient community

The center of Rota's religious life is its chapel for both Catholics and Protestants





The Bay of Cadiz attracts many swimmers, but so does this new, outdoor Olympic-sized pool

**Swimming, riding, fishing, golf;
name your pleasure, Rota's got it**

→ GySgt J. M. Boterf, Jr. wasn't alarmed by this posse of kids on one of the base's bridle paths



GySgt Edward J. Tomaszewski and CSC Frank Boykin, USN (L) fished off the pier



The base has a nine-hole course which is presently being expanded to 18 holes

TURN PAGE

ROTA (cont.)



Marines who wish to tour Spain, or anywhere in Europe or North Africa, can make transportation arrangements without leaving the base

All of Spain or, for that matter all of the continent, beckons the Rota-based Marine

About a 45-minute drive from Rota is Cadiz, said to be more than 3600 years old. Reputedly founded

by Hercules, the city, studded with old fortifications, is noted for its beautiful beaches and clean streets

the far end of which an altar can be dimly seen. To approach the altar, one passes incredibly beautiful tapestries, statues and priceless works of art.

Marines reporting to Rota are made to feel welcome. Single men, or those arriving without their dependents, are met upon arrival and transported to the barracks. After a briefing by Sgt-Maj Huppert, they are introduced to the commanding officer. Additionally, new men attend a lecture, conducted every Tuesday by the Navy.

They are told something about the country, (i.e., it is the second largest country in Europe, about two thirds the size of Texas) its people, (. . . the Andalusian, like all Spaniards, is proud, courteous, religious) and the history of the region, (Andalusia has known the influence of Phoenicians, Romans, Moors, Christians; from here, Columbus sailed on his epoch voyages).

New arrivals are verbally introduced to the three major cities of the area—Jerez, Cadiz and Seville. Jerez (pronounced Hereth) de la Fontera is possibly the best known town in Spain, since it is the center of Spain's sherry production. There are more than a hundred *bodegas*—huge wine cellars—which can be toured free of charge. Are



free samples available? The visitor is welcome to sample as many of the various sherries and brandies as he likes, but discretion is urged because of the high alcoholic content. Among the most famous bodegas are those of Pedro Domecq and Gonzales Byass.

Cadiz, (Cah-deeth) a 45-minute drive from Rota, can trace its history back 3600 years. Egyptian amulets and Phoenician tombs have been unearthed within its limits. It is famed for the cleanliness of its streets and the beauty of its beaches.

Seville (Sa-vee-yah) is reputed to be the most "typical" of all Spanish cities. From the time of Columbus, it has been known as a seaport—despite the fact that it is situated 54 miles from the sea. But its Guadalquivir River is navigable to all but the largest ocean-going vessels. Its cathedral, third largest in the world, after St. Peter's in Rome and St. Patrick's in New York, was built 90 years before Columbus' first voyage. Seville's Columbus Library was founded in 1539, when the son of America's discoverer donated his father's collection of books to the cathedral.

There is, of course, a town of Rota which, until the advent of the Naval Base, had slumbered along, subsisting mainly as a farming center and summer resort area. The newly arrived Marine can see most of the town in an

afternoon. Liberty-wise, it is not unlike Lejeune's Jacksonville, or Pendleton's Oceanside.

A married Marine who receives orders to Rota will probably be pleasantly surprised to receive a letter before he leaves the States from his Rota "sponsor." The sponsor policy, possible because of the comparatively small size of the Marine garrison, is greatly appreciated by men taking their families overseas for the first time. The sponsor, generally one of the married Staff NCOs, tells in his letter about current conditions, offers advice that no tourist bureau could furnish, and even makes arrangements for temporary lodging for the new man and his family.

The sponsor, for example, might write about on-base housing (two- and three-bedroom modern duplexes, fully electric, with oil-burning, forced-air heating are available) and schooling (David Farragut school has 40 rooms and a 750-child capacity, and teaches grades one through 12). For off-base housing, he'd probably point out that rentals range from \$70 to \$200 monthly, depending on location and type.

He might fill the new man in on the Navy commissary, (the bulk of the food is shipped from the U.S.) the Exchange (which provides laundry, dry cleaning, cobbler, barber and restaurant services) and the gasoline station (about 15¢ a (continued on page 77)



Few sights in the world can compare with the rugged beauty of Spain's "Valley of the Fallen"

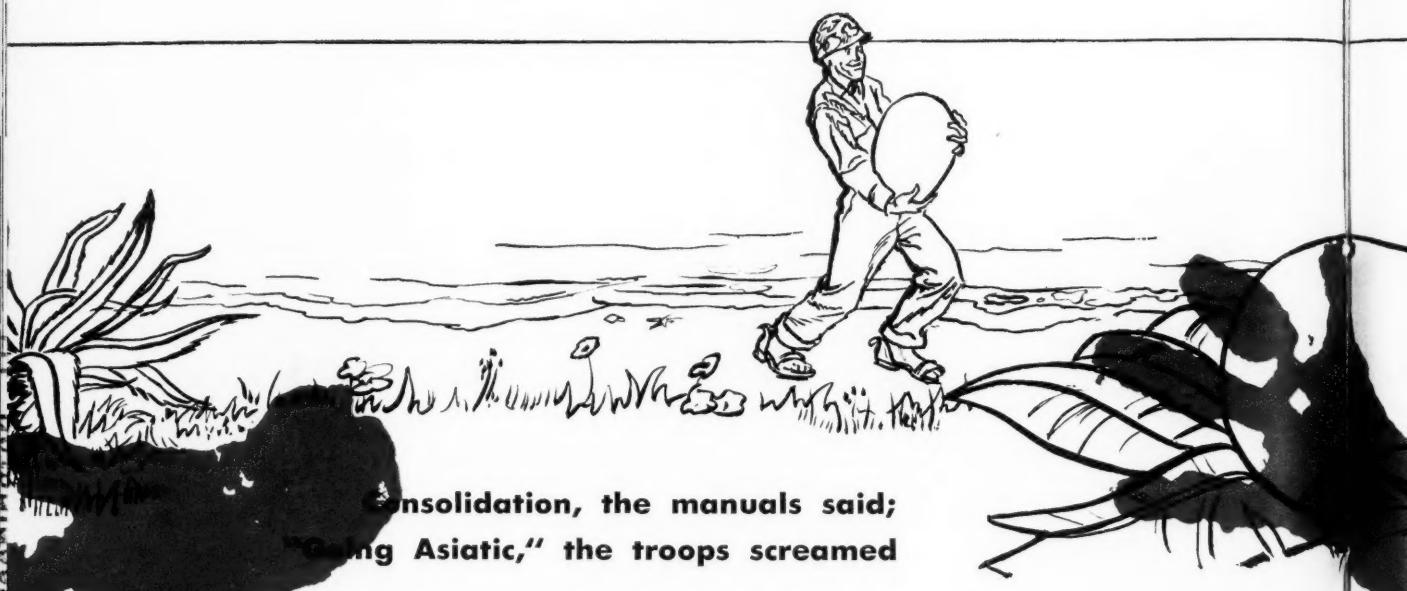
No one who has ever witnessed a Spanish bullfight in one of the many "plaza de toros" such as this

one in Seville is ever likely to forget it. Americans either love or loathe Spain's top sporting attraction



The MONSTER

of Kalo-bungmungmung



Consolidation, the manuals said;
"Going Asiatic," the troops screamed

by Frank Scott York

THE HAVE been powerful, fiery, and effective novels written on the island-hopping combat Marine; his lean, bronzed, scarred figure is generally depicted as popping from battle to battle with all the energy of a greased marble on a crooked roulette wheel. Barely has the perspiration of one campaign dried on his scorched brow before he is knocking snipers from treetops a thousand miles away. (A few such books which come to mind: "The Magnificent Scorched Brows," "No Slopchutes In Hell!" and "Taps For The Japs on Suribatch.")

But what of the Unsung Hero—he who served and sat. On a dozen unpronounceable islands all during the war, brave men have squinted up at the searing tropical sun and mumbled, "One more month on this sandpile and I'll be playing two-fingered lip music." (Many did exactly that, and the sounds

were later adapted commercially and called 'rock 'n' roll.')

For you don't just take an island, then leave it to the land crabs. Someone has to stay behind and tidy up. Consolidation, the technical manuals call it, but the troops left behind had another name for it. Going nuts, or Asiatic.

The men of our small garrison, some two hundred strong, had been consolidating for eleven months on the small Pacific island of Kalo-bungmungmung. (The name of the island is straight; the ocean has been disguised in consideration of those involved. There is only one Pacific, but there are seventy-two Kalo-bungmungmungs.)

After the tenth month on Kalo-bungmungmung, officers and enlisted men alike were convinced they (1) had been landed on the wrong island by mistake. (2) The transport which had landed

them had been in the employ of the enemy. (3) The war was over and HQ-MC thought they were still at Parris Island.

Captain Magruder, an old Shanghai hand who had risen from enlisted ranks, put on a brave front before his tiny command. "We know we're not at Parris Island," he explained reasonably to the men. "It's when we start thinking we are that we're in trouble."

But privately, to his exec, Lieutenant Piper, the captain bared his soul. "Maybe they have forgotten us. When was the last time we had mail, George?"

The Lieutenant fanned himself with a baseball glove and said, "Four months ago, Sir, but the men don't mind any more."

"They don't mind any more? What kind of nonsense is that?"

Lt Piper smiled modestly. "A little suggestion of mine to Sergeant Clark is



paying off, Sir. Several months ago I suggested the men might get their minds off mail from home if they write each other."

"Write each other?"

"Yessir. The men swap letters in chowline every day. It gives them something to do with their stationery and you'd be surprised how they look forward to the exchange. Each tent appoints one mailman who is permitted to blow a whistle in chowline to indicate mail call for a neighboring tent."

"I've heard the whistles," the captain admitted. "I thought it was seagulls."

"Seagulls don't whistle," Lt Piper pointed out.

The captain eyed his exec beadily. "That's the kind of statement that makes me sore. Seagulls don't whistle. How in hell do you know they don't whistle? Have you ever asked a gull if it couldn't whistle?"

"No," the lieutenant said thoughtfully, "but then I've never *heard* one whistle."

Capt Magruder leaned forward intently, his words measured. "I see. And have you ever seen the sun shine in the middle of the night?"

"Of course, not, Sir," the lieutenant admitted.

"But, do you deny that *somewhere* the sun is shining, George?"

Lt Piper's mouth opened and closed. He scratched his head briefly and nodded. "You're right," he granted. "Seagulls whistle."

"All right then. But this mail business has me worried. I can't exactly put my finger on it, but it makes me uneasy. It's not normal."

"Ten months on Kalo-bungbung-mung isn't normal either, Sir. I think the men are holding up remarkably well."

"With a few exceptions, I suppose," the captain granted. "George, do you mind if I ask you a question? I'm a little worried about you."

"Me!" Lt Piper laughed heartily. "Sir, don't worry about George Piper. His trolley is firmly on the tracks."

"I'm sure of it, George. But can you give me a reasonable explanation why, for the past five days, you have been fanning yourself with that baseball glove?"

Lt Piper stared down at the glove, then at the captain. "Why, certainly I can. The catcher's mask doesn't create enough of a breeze."

Capt Magruder considered this for a moment, nodded and sighed with relief. "Okay, that makes sense. Sorry I asked."

"It's all right, Sir," Lt Piper said warmly. "I appreciate your concern. Say, it must be chowtime; I hear those

TURN PAGE

MONSTER (cont.)

seagulls whistling."

"Seagulls whistling," the captain chuckled. "George, you sure are a character. I could eat a bear but I suppose it's dehydrated eggs again."

"Yup. It takes a mighty thirsty chicken to lay a powdered egg."

"Even after ten months it's still a funny line," the captain said gloomily.

* * *

There were drills, inspections and orientation classes to occupy the men during the day. Evenings were pleasant enough with a diversity of recreational activity. Softball had been suspended since the memorable evening the last ball literally vanished in mid air. Perkins had slammed a towering fly to center field at the precise instant the island had been buzzed by the sole aircraft seen during the entire stay on Kalo-bungmungmung. Ball and plane appeared to intersect in flight. The plane vanished over the horizon, a few scraps of horsehide and yarn fell to the field and Perkins sulked for days at being called out. "The longest home run in history," he protested. "That ball is probably in Tokyo right now."

"It was one of our planes," Lt Piper ruled. "The enemy can't be so confident as to fly a thousand miles to destroy an enemy softball."

Ping-pong provided hours of entertainment, though with some change in the basic rules of the game due to there being but one paddle. As a man served he had to toss the paddle to his opponent, who caught it by the handle, returned the serve and, in turn, threw the paddle back again. If a man dropped the paddle he lost half a point. If the ball reached his opponent *before* the paddle there was no penalty but it was considered damned poor sportsmanship and the server might wait a week before he could get another game.

But, of course, the main source of relaxation for the men of Kalo-bungmungmung was the movie, shown two nights a week. The picture was called, 'Pinup Girl,' and in ten months it had been exhibited forty-eight times. Originally in Technicolor, tropical humidity and constant usage had caused the film to blur and discolor, so that the gorgeous, leggy, leading woman had changed to a blurred, jaundiced image who might have been photographed through used tea-bags. "She gets a little sicker every night," Capt Magruder put it mournfully. "It's the life those Hollywood people live."

The men knew the dialogue by heart and each performance saw two hundred Marines reciting the entire script along

with the cast. If an enemy sub had surfaced two miles off the island any evening the movie was shown, it might have heard the emotional, ghostly proclamation from ashore, "*Rodney, you hound, your kisses can never attone for that smack in the mouth you gave me before I was famous.*" It's impossible to imagine the submarine investigating any further.

Such was existence on Kalo-bungmungmung and who knows how it might have ended except for a small PFC by the name of Henry Murphy, who was a dedicated practical joker.

It was Murphy who, with assistance, succeeded in removing the pyramid tent over eight sleeping men and repitching it twenty feet away. Awakening in a downpour, the eight startled victims wordlessly dragged cots and seabags into the relocated tent, convinced they had floated out from under its shelter.

It was Murphy who painted his face a violently bright yellow, staggered into the messhall, clutching his throat, and fell writhing to the ground after shouting, "They've just discovered atabrine causes malaria!"

And finally, it was Murphy who created the Monster of Kalo-bungmungmung. To be fair to Murphy it must be admitted his motives were admirable. As he explained to his buddy and sole confidante, Pvt Whicker, "My gags keep the boys on their toes. This whole crowd is rapidly going Asiatic and I got to do something to snap them out of it."

"Like what?" Whicker said warily. "I don't see how us getting chased into the jungle four times a week is doing the war effort any good."

"Kid stuff," Murphy shrugged. "They'll never catch on to what I got in mind this time. And it will keep their minds off themselves. Did you see Floyd deck his buddy Slocum this morning, just for whistling 'Sweet Georgia Brown'?"

"Why not? Slocum hasn't spoken in three weeks. He just keeps on whistling 'Sweet Georgia Brown'."

"This whole island will be psycho unless I do something to liven things up," Murphy persisted. "As soon as taps blow, grab your entrenching tool and come with me."

"One thing I ain't gonna do," Whicker said firmly, "is try to move this *island* twenty feet." He thrust a bony finger at Murphy. "And listen, buddy, what makes you think you're normal enough to straighten everybody else up? Aren't you the guy that only this morning took a swing at the listerbag because you said you was sick of the way it was looking at you?"

"Everybody has a weakness," Murphy shrugged.

"Okay, okay, let me in on this new

deviltry. Will it get us court-martialed?"

"Absolutely not," Murphy said eagerly, "because nobody will know we have anything to do with it. We are going to give the men a monster. A real, genuine monster."

"Just what they've been asking for!" Whicker exclaimed, clapping his hands.

"All right, wise guy, you'll see. If you knew how to read you'd find out there's been monsters all down through history. There's one in some lake in Scotland—Lock-nose, or something—that comes up once a year, eats a couple of tourists and goes under water again. It's supposed to be good luck and it's great for the tourist business."

"I don't know about getting any tourist business here," Whicker said thoughtfully, "but there's a couple guys on this rock I hope get eaten up by this monster of ours."

"Whicker, it's an imaginary monster, don't you understand?"

"What difference does its nationality make?"

Late that night, the two men crept down to the beach at a point several hundred yards from camp. At Murphy's direction they commenced to dig a series of large, shallow scoops in the sand, leading up from the water's edge. "Walk backwards and cover up our footprints," Murphy directed softly. "This is where the monster comes up from the ocean. His tracks will lead into the jungle."

"They don't look much like monster tracks," Whicker said critically. "Something's wrong. It looks like a bunch of fat ladies sat in the sand."

Murphy examined their efforts and snapped his fingers. "Toes. It needs toes." He traced three talon-like indentations and connected them to one of the depressions. "How's that?"

"Better. But how do you know monsters have three toes?"

"It's my monster," Murphy said irritably, "and I'll give it as many damn toes as I like. Come on, dig."

In an hour of silent labor the two men had dug an erratic trail of giant, three-toed tracks from the water to the edge of the jungle. In the pale, quarter-moonlight the effect was eerie enough to produce a silent handshake of satisfaction. "But where does the monster go from here?" Whicker hissed. "It couldn't just disappear."

"It flies, too," Murphy said solemnly. "But there has to be some point to its visit." He snapped his fingers exultantly. "Of course, to lay its eggs!"

"Now wait a minute, buddy. I admit you're sort of a warped genius, but not even you can produce monster eggs."

"I just remembered. About a mile down the beach there's a pile of round, white rocks. Some kind of marker or

something. We'll lug a couple of them here and build a nest for them."

Whicker wiped perspiration from his brow. "Can't we just leave a note or something saying the eggs are a mile down the beach?"

Murphy glared at his friend in disgust. "This monster," he said, "only writes in Yiddish and nobody would understand the note."

"Awright, awright." The monster-makers trudged wearily off to gather eggs.

* * *

"Sergeant Clark," Capt Magruder said patiently, "sit down and stop

too?"

"Yessir. And more than that. Some kind of a nest not a hundred feet from camp." The lieutenant swallowed noisily. "I know it sounds screwy, but . . ."

"Screwy?" the captain said pleasantly, rising. "Certainly not. Our mission on this island is to greet incoming sea monsters and teach them how to bite enemy ships in half. It's been Top Secret and I couldn't divulge it before, but thank heavens the news is out. The strain was getting me down."

"Shall I break out an armed escort, Sir?" Sgt Clark asked worriedly as

man in your command is here on the beach. Except two. Murphy and Whicker."

The captain nodded gravely. "Digging monster tracks is tiring work. Go waken them, Sergeant, and bring them here."

A roar of laughter shook the men. The mention of Murphy and Whicker's names instantly recalled dozens of other hoaxes and though this one had been discovered almost immediately, it surpassed the others in sheer effort and misguided genius.

When Murphy and Whicker were led, sleepy-eyed and guilty-looking, to Capt Magruder, he pointed to the tracks and said, "A fair effort, men, but as an expert on monsters, I can assure you the footprints would be much, much deeper. About three feet deep, as a matter of fact. To bring this fact home to you, I think you should spend the rest of the day digging each track to that exact depth—three feet. Tomorrow, you can fill them in."

"Yessir," Pvt Whicker said unhappily. He looked sourly at Murphy. "You and your ideas. What a bomb this was."

"I didn't figure on us sleeping late," Murphy said defensively. "It might have worked if we'd been here with the others."

Capt Magruder smiled tolerantly. "I don't think so, Private. You didn't carry your little scheme far enough. It lacked a certain finishing touch." The captain laughed aloud and pointed to the monster's nest. "For example, there are no eggs in the nest."

The men around them collapsed with mirth. Murphy and Whicker stared at each other and at the nest in growing perplexity. "But, Sir," Murphy said, when the din had stilled, "there was eggs in the nest. Two, round, white rocks we carried from a pile down the beach."

"The only rocks here," Sgt Clark snapped, "are in those pointed heads of yours."

Murphy got down on his knees and felt around in the nest unbelievably. "Captain," he insisted, "there was two, round, white rocks in this thing when we left it last night."

"That's right," Whicker affirmed. "My back is still sore from lugger them."

Capt Magruder shook his head slowly. "A good try, but now you're just trying my patience. Perhaps I was wrong about monster tracks going to a depth of three feet. It could be five feet."

"Captain," Murphy said desperately, "I'll dig them tracks ten feet if you like, but somebody or something *stole them rocks*."

"Murph!" (continued on page 84)



trembling. What's this nonsense all about?"

"A sentry found it this morning," the sergeant said hoarsely. "I just saw it myself. Something's been walking on the beach. Something with great, big feet. And three toes."

"I see," the captain said, pinching the flesh between his eyes. "Obviously one of the men with great, big feet and three toes went for a swim then, eh, Sarge?"

"These tracks measure three feet in diameter, Sir."

"Three feet? You wouldn't think a man with dogs that size would be accepted in the Corps, would you?" He held a hand up at the sergeant's rush of words. "Look, Sergeant, we're all under a strain, but I won't buy this. You've had some sort of nightmare, or hallucination, but I will not permit this foolishness to go any further."

Lt Piper entered the tent, his face stiff and white. "Captain, I've just been down to the beach with the Corporal of the Guard. There's something there you should see immediately."

"Three-toed tracks in the sand?" the captain asked tiredly. "You saw them,

they walked toward the beach.

"No, certainly not, Sarge," Capt Magruder replied. "Monsters are terribly shy. The sight of too many newcomers might set the war effort back months. You might have a few enlisted men stand by though, in case the monster hasn't had breakfast."

The captain's air of banter faded as he examined the tracks in the sand. A silent crowd of men, appearing to contain everybody on the island, followed at his heels, eagerly awaiting his official recognition of what they already considered *their* monster.

"Notice how erratic the tracks are," Lt Piper whispered at one point. "Some impressions are four feet apart, others six. And they waver back and forth."

"Yes," the captain agreed. "Our monster drinks. The worst kind. It's just as well it didn't hang around." He turned to Sgt Clark. "Find out who isn't here, Sergeant. While I'm examining this so-called nest."

The "nest" was a circular depression under a palm tree, lined with leaves and surrounded with more of the tracks. Capt Magruder was chuckling when Sgt Clark approached him. "Sir, every

ALL-MARINE

TRACK & FIELD

1960

by ACpl Ron Mingus

1960

Bob Gutowski cleared the bar at 15 feet to set a new All-Marine mark at the meet

QUANTICO'S talented thin-clads dominated the 13th Annual All-Marine Track and Field Championships by taking first in 16 of 19 events, and accounting for five new All-Marine marks.

A total of six All-Marine standards were set in the two-day track carnival which was run under ideal weather conditions.

World record holders Bob Gutowski, pole vault, and Al Cantello, javelin, were both pushed to the limit before they triumphed in their specialties.

Gutowski cleared the bar at 15' to break his own record of 14' 7 3/4" which he set last year. Quantico's Mel Schwarz also cleared 15', but the verdict went to Gutowski as Schwarz had failed to clear the bar on his first try at 14' 6".

Camp Pendleton's young Jan Sikorsky came within seven inches of upsetting Cantello when he hurled the spear 248' 1". Cantello's toss of 248' 8" was far below the 282' 3 1/2" world standard which he set last year at the Compton Relays.

Walt Fillman, former William and Mary star, raced to a 10.3 win in the 100-meter dash to break the old mark of 10.5 set by Herman Thompson of Camp Pendleton in 1956. It was the first time this season that Fillman had

made the minimum Olympic time for the event of 10.4.

Burly Jim Allen, who also won the discus throw, set a new standard in the shot put, hurling the steel ball 54' 8" to better by 4 1/2" the old mark set by San Diego's Bob Whitlow last year.

Middle-distance runner Mike Fleming of Quantico was a record setter and a double winner as well. He won the 800-meter run on the first day of the meet and came back the next day to set a new record for the 1500-meter distance. His time of 3:48.5 in the 1500 broke the four-year-old mark of 3:48.9 set by former Kansas great, Wes Santee.

Former Villanova star Ed Collymore, now running for Quantico, was another twin-winner and record smasher. The former IC4A sprint champ raced to a 47.7 timing in the 400-meter dash to snap the old mark of 47.8 and also won the 200-meter dash.

Diminutive distance runner Vic Zwolak covered the 5000-meter distance in 14:25.4 to break by 50 seconds the old mark of 15:15.1 set by little Johnny Kopil in 1959. Zwolak added another first in the 3000-meter steeplechase, negotiating the distance in 9:31.1.

Camp Pendleton's "Grand Old Man" of All-Marine track, 41-year-old Bill Knuppel, won the Triathlon (pistol



Bill Knuppel took second place in the two-mile Triathlon run

shooting, 200-meter swim, two-mile run) for the sixth straight year. Knuppel, who holds the All-Marine and All Service records for the event, racked up 2513.4 points to edge out Quantico's Otto Svenson who compiled 2450.3 counters.

The first and second place winners in the All Marine competition then set their sights on the Armed Forces Olympic Track and Field Trials which followed one week later.

During the Armed Forces Olympic Track and Field Trials, young Jan Sikorsky made good on his vow to beat world record holder Al Cantello in the javelin, and Bob Gutowski staged a tense duel with the Army's Don Bragg in the pole vault to highlight the events.

Outstanding performances were registered in almost every event in the two-day meet which saw the Army garner 11 firsts, the Marines and the Air Force four each, and the Navy one.

Sikorsky, who was unhappy with the decision of a judge who gave the win to Cantello in the All-Marine meet, had promised to beat Cantello in the Inter-Service competition. He fulfilled this promise by throwing the spear 257' 6 1/2" to beat by more than 15 feet Cantello's best effort of 241' 9 1/2".

It was the best heave of Sikorsky's career, his top previous performance being a 257' 4" throw at the Easter

Relays in Santa Barbara, Calif., earlier this season.

A trio of pole vaulters cleared 15 feet, but Bragg, the world's indoor titlist, and Gutowski, the outdoor champion, were all alone when the bar went to 15' 6". Both missed all three tries at that height, and the verdict went to Bragg as Gutowski had missed his first try at 15' 3". Marine Mel Schwarz went out at the 15' 3" level.

Bill Neider, former Kansas great now competing for the Army, won the shot put with a 62' 7" heave on his first try. Neider, who had a world record 65' 7" toss pending, competed with his right leg swathed in bandages. He is recovering from a pulled hamstring muscle which had kept him on the sidelines for the past month.

The Marines' Mike Fleming and the Army's Tom Rodda left the rest of the field far behind as they raced to identical 3:45.5 timings in the 1500-meter run. The win went to Rodda by a literal nose at the wire.

Bob Gardner gave one of his best performances before a Quantico crowd when he won the high jump with a 6' 8" leap. Bob is one of the top high jumpers in the country, but has never given a peak performance at Quantico.

Marine Ed Collymore, upset in the 100 meters on Friday, came back to take the 200-meter dash on Saturday in 21.1. He was followed across the finish line by teammate Walt Fillman who clocked a 21.4.

Olympic-bound marathon runner

Alec Breckenridge ran away with the 10,000 meter run in 32:19.9. He completely outclassed Army's Wally Guenther, who was the only other entrant.

Little Max Trux, former USC star now running for the Air Force, ran away with the 5000-meter run, winning in 14:29.2. It was, however, far off Trux's American record for the event of 14:04.2.

Navy's Lew Stieglitz and Marine Alec Breckenridge staged a see-saw battle for the second spot with Stieglitz winning out by five feet at the wire. Marine Vic Zwolak (who ran a 14:25.4 in the 5000-meter run during the All-Marine competition two weeks ago, missed the race because of a pulled thigh muscle.

Tom Fuller, an Air Force sergeant from Newark, N. J., pulled an upset when he raced to 10.3 to win honors in the 100 meters, beating out a star-studded field. It was a photo finish with the Air Force's Tom Greene and Ed Collymore, both of whom were clocked in 10.4, second and third respectively. All-Marine champ Walt Fillman was fourth with a 10.5.

All-Marine Summaries

800-METER RUN—1. Mike Fleming, MCS; 2. Mark Lipscomb, MCS; 3. Fred Robinson, Lejeune. 154.1

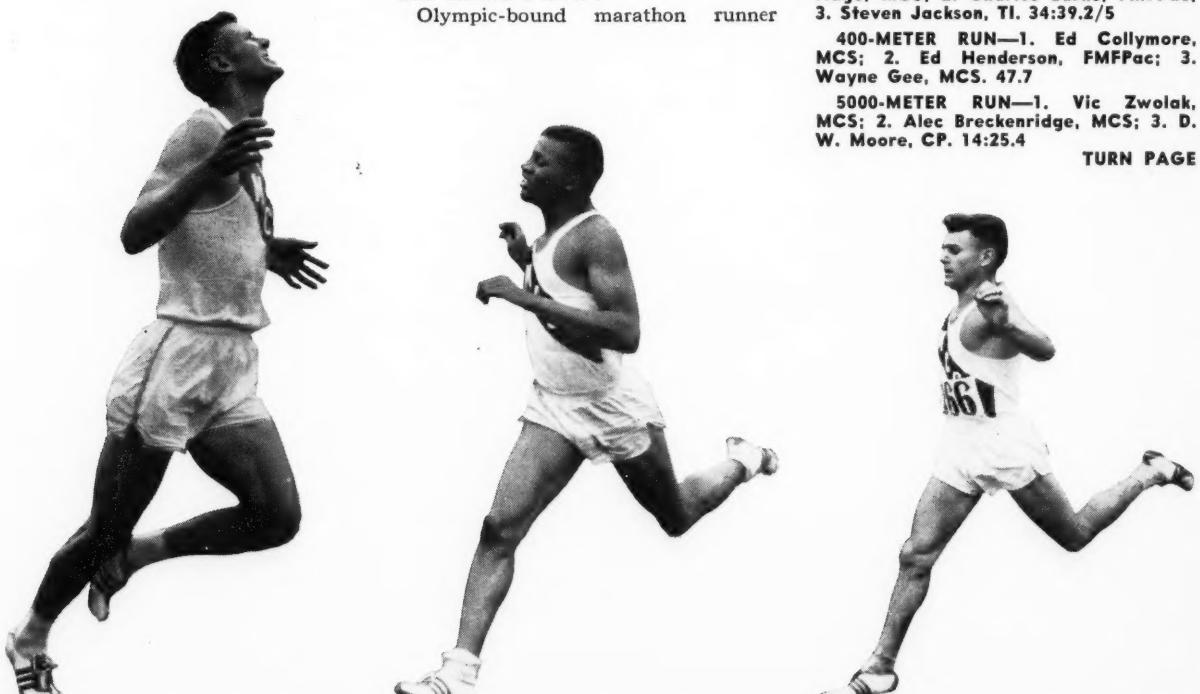
100-METER DASH—1. Walt Fillman, MCS; 2. Bill Knepp, 4th MCRD; 3. Stewart Flythe, MCS. 10.3

10,000-METER RUN—1. Alec Breckenridge, MCS; 2. Charles Burke, FMFPAC; 3. Steven Jackson, TI. 34:39.2/5

400-METER RUN—1. Ed Collymore, MCS; 2. Ed Henderson, FMFPAC; 3. Wayne Gee, MCS. 47.7

5000-METER RUN—1. Vic Zwolak, MCS; 2. Alec Breckenridge, MCS; 3. D. W. Moore, CP. 14:25.4

TURN PAGE



Mike Fleming finished with a 3:48.5 in the 1500-meter run

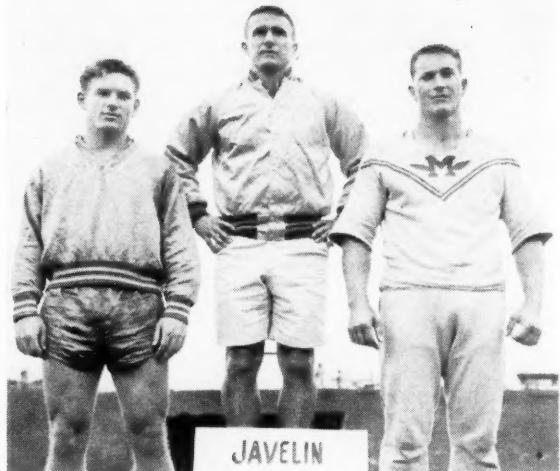
Ed Collymore effortlessly won the 200-meter dash with a 21.

It took Vic Zwolak 9:31 to win the 3000-meter steeplechase

Olympic hopefuls put forth
their greatest efforts to win slots
on the big team headed for Rome



Jan Sikorsky heaved the javelin 257' 6 1/2" to beat Al Cantello during the Inter-Service Championships



Al Cantello, in the All-Marine meet, threw the javelin 248' 8" to beat out Sikorsky and Miller

400-METER HURDLES—1. Wayne Gee, MCS; 2. Robert Coleman, FMFPac; 3. Sam Rucker, CamPen. 54.5

110-METER HURDLES—1. Dick Seed, MCS; 2. Bob Coleman, Hawaii; 3. (tie) Sam Rucker, CamPen and Jim Brother, MCS. 14.8

TRIATHLON—1. Bill Knuppel, CamPen; 2. Otto Svenson, MCS; 3. Greg Cizek, MCS. 2513.4

200-METER RUN—1. Ed Collymore, MCS; 2. Walt Fillman, MCS; 3. Ed Henderson, Hawaii. 21

3000-METER STEEPECHASE—1. Vic Zwolak, MCS; 2. Alec Breckenridge, MCS; 3. Wes Johnson, CamPen. 9:31.1

1500-METER RUN—1. Mike Fleming, MCS; 2. Peter Close, MCS; 3. Mark Lipscomb, MCS. 3:48.5

DISCUS THROW—1. Jim Allen, MCS; 2. Paul Ward, SDiego; 3. Dick Schwartz, MCS. 153' 5 1/2"

HAMMER THROW—1. Carroll Miller, FMFPac; 2. Paul Ward, SDiego; 3. Larry DeBarge, MCS. 145' 1/2"

SHOT PUT—1. Jim Allen, MCS; 2. Paul Ward, SDiego; 3. Washington, CamPen. 54' 8"

JAVELIN—1. Al Cantello, MCS; 2. Jan Sikorsky, CamPen; 3. Carroll Miller, Hawaii. 248' 8"

HIGH JUMP—1. Bob Gardner, MCS; 2. Phil Fehlin, CamPen; 3. Bill Barrett, Hawaii. 6' 4 1/4"

POLE VAULT—1. Bob Gutowski, CamPen; 2. Mel Schwarz, MCS; 3. Dave Tork, MCS. 15' 2"

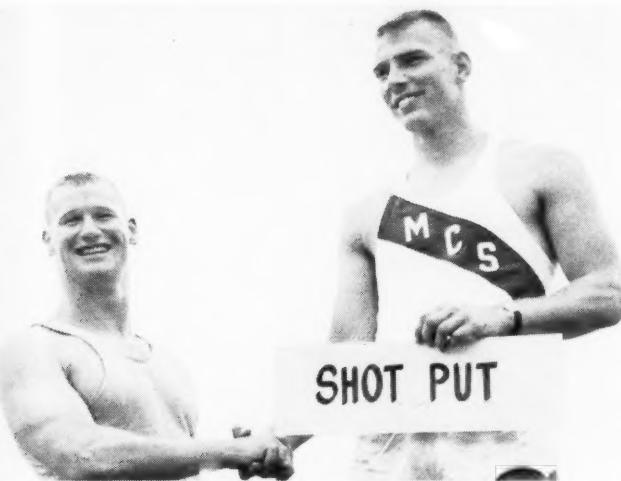
BROAD JUMP—1. Chuck Latting, MCS; 2. Geo Bryant, El Toro; 3. Sam Rucker, CamPen. 22' 4"

HOP, STEP, JUMP—1. Chuck Latting, MCS; 2. Bill Barrett, Hawaii; 3. Geo Bryant, El Toro. 44' 6 1/8"

Inter-Service Summaries

3000-METER STEEPECHASE—1. Geo Young, Army; 2. Charles Jones, Army; 3. Ike Matza, Army. 9:09.8

110-METER HIGH HURDLES—1. Charles Cobb, Navy; 2. James Ball, Air Force; 3. Dave Klicker, Navy. 13.7



Jim Allen, of MCS, Quantico, heaved the shot put 54' 8" to receive a win over San Diego's Paul Ward



Bob Gardner out-leaped Phil Fehlin and Bill Barret in the high jump with 6' 4 1/4"



Top 400-meter runners were Collymore, Henderson, Gee



Big runners in the 10,000 were Breckenridge, Burke, Jackson

1500-METER RUN—1. Tom Rodda, Army; 2. Mike Fleming, Marines; 3. Tyson Hadley, Army. 3:45.5

200-METER DASH—1. Ed Collymore, Marines; 2. Walt Fillman, Marines; 3. Hollis Gainey, Army. 21.6

10,000-METER RUN—1. Alec Breckenridge, Marines; 2. Wally Guenther, Army. 32:19.9

400-METER HURDLES—1. Eddie Southern, Air Force; 2. Roy Thompson, Army; 3. Dave Klicker, Navy. 53.0

5000-METER RUN—1. Max Truex, Air Force; 2. Lewis Stieglitz, Navy; 3. Alec Breckenridge, Marines. 14:44.6

100-METER DASH—1. Tom Fuller, Air Force; 2. Geo. Greene, Air Force; 3. Ed Collymore, Marines. 10.4

800-METER RUN—1. Tyson Hadley, Army; 2. George Katterman, Navy; 3. Mark Lipscomb, Marines. 1:50.3

400-METER RUN—1. Dave Robertson, Army; 2. Harold Coffey, Army; 3. Jennis White, Army. 47.7

400-METER RELAY—1. Army (Herb Carper, James Gamble, Jerry McCullough, Hollis Gainey); 2. Air Force; 3. Marines. 41.2

1600-METER RELAY—1. Air Force (Jim Norton, Herb Bolden, Landy Williams, Eddie Southern); 2. Army; 3. Navy. 3:09.5

JAVELIN THROW—1. Jan Sikorsky, Marines; 2. Al Cantello, Marines; 3. Frank Covelli, Air Force. 257' 6 1/2"

HOP, STEP, JUMP—1. Ken Floerke, Army; 2. Richard Knaub, Navy. 48' 5"

HIGH JUMP—1. Bob Gardner, Marines; 2. Alvin Ashley, Army; 3. Bob Barkdale, Army. 6' 8"

POLE VAULT—1. Don Bragg, Army; 2. Bob Gutowski, Marines; 3. Mel Schwarz, Marines. 15' 3" (Bragg first on fewer misses)

SHOT PUT—1. Bill Neider, Army; 2. Jay Sylvester, Army; Steve Fry, Army. 62' 7"

BROAD JUMP—1. Irv Roberson, Army; 2. Jim Gamble, Army; 3. Al Harris, Army. 25' 1 1/2"

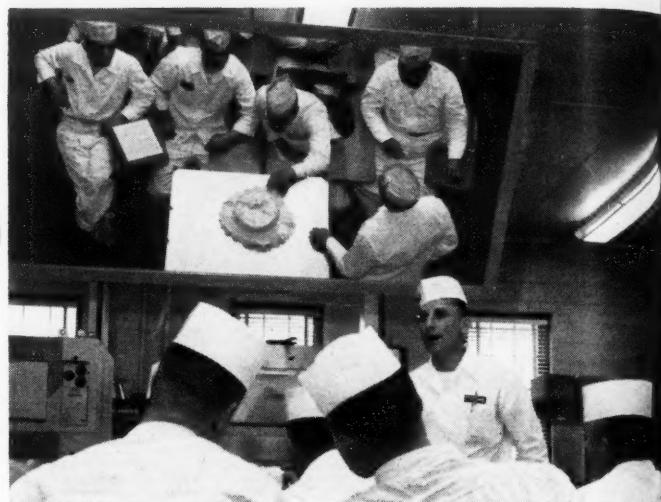
HAMMER THROW—1. Ed Bagadonis, Army; 2. Bill McWilliams, Army; 3. Enio Keerd, Army. 203' 0"

DISCUS THROW—1. Jay Sylvester, Army; 2. John Egan, Army; 3. Bob Van Dee, Army. 180' 7 1/2"

END

Fillman copped the 100-meter dash from Knepp and Flythe





AMSGt C. W. Burns, a baking instructor, critiqued a cake. Mirror allows students to see at an angle

GALLEY

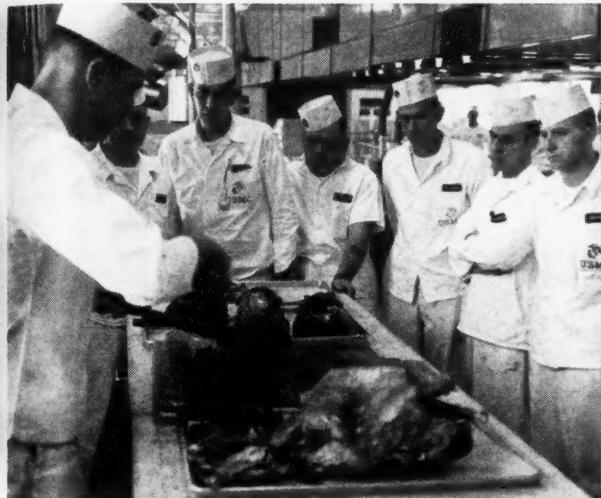
by AGySgt Mel Jones

Photos by
ACpl LeRoy T. Stark

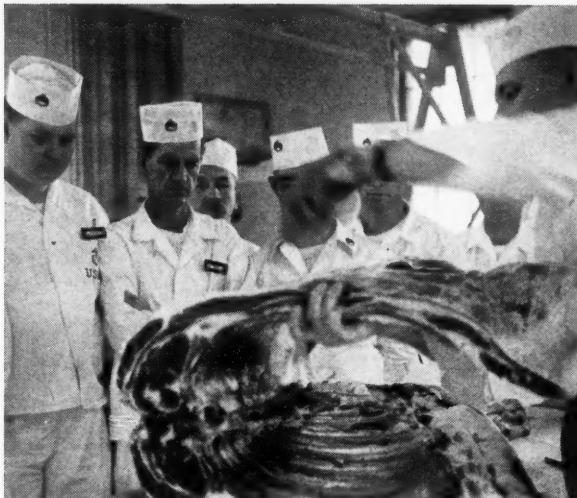
Books under arms, briefcases in hand, part of the advanced cooks' class marched to school. Students

in the advanced course report in from throughout the Corps. Basic cooks are picked from FMFLant





AGySgt Harold L. Thompson demonstrated what happens when meats are cooked slowly or rapidly



GySgt Bruce A. Morris separated a rib wing of beef. All the cooks must understand basic butchery

CLASSROOM

Camp Lejeune's Food Service School is the Corps' only institute for training its cooks and bakers

COOKERY is an art of adjectives. It is demanding . . . if you are a housewife, trying to perfect *poulets a la Villeroy* on a limited budget. It is challenging . . . if you're a mess sergeant in a field galley, trying to convince a battalion of troops that five-in-ones taste mighty fine. Or, it is just plain messy—if you're a husband cooking your own meals while the wife's visiting the family upstate.

Cookery is also interesting. There are, for example, the historical accounts of the dedication of Vatel and the remuneration of Robert Argillon.

Vatel was a renowned chef during Louis XIV's reign. He was brilliant, gifted and tempermental. At the height of his career, he prepared an elaborate cuisine for Madame de Sevigne, a lavish entertainer of the era. The meal would have had gourmet-conscious France talking for weeks, if the fish hadn't arrived late. As it turned out, France talked about the incident for centuries—Vatel, in deep despair over the tardy fish, committed suicide.

Robert Argillon was a bit luckier. To commemorate the coronation of William the Conqueror, the English cook

whipped up an original dish known since as "*de la Groute*." William the C. liked it so well, he called Argillon to court and presented him with a manor.

Cookery can be baffling, too . . . as students of the Corps' only cooks and bakers school will attest. If, for example, you're in the mood for earlobetugging, try this formula: $3tx16Tx2Cx-2Px4Q$.

To break it down, substitute teaspoon for "t," tablespoon for "T," cup for "C," pint for "P" and quart for "Q." Multiply as directed, stir in a "well, I'll be doggoned" and you have the formula for *one gallon*.

The cooks and bakers school is not known as such. It is the Food Service School, one of three educational companies of the Marine Corps Supply Schools at Montford Point, Camp Lejeune.

Using a structural analogy, the culinary school is a three-sided house with the cooks', bakers' and stewards' courses providing the walls. Supporting girders are the sub-courses within each.

The cooks' course is divided into advanced and informal sub-courses. The advanced, composed of Staff NCOs,

runs for 14 weeks, graduating about 120 students a year. The informal course convenes for 11 weeks, graduating approximately 64 men annually from FMFLant commands only. Basically, the advanced classes are slanted toward mess management and administration while the informal sub-course operates on the premise that new students couldn't boil coffee without a jar of instant powder.

The bakers' course is much the same. From four 12-week classes, 60 students are graduated annually to Corps bakeries. There are two sub-courses, with the same basic training syllabus. The main difference is a matter of 31 hours of oven work in Lejeune's post bakery for junior students. Senior students merely tour the bakery.

Rank-wise, the baking course is designed for sergeants and below, which seems to be as irritating as an overfried strudel to MSgt William R. Morris, Jr., baking NCOinC. He would like to see enough interested Staff NCOs to warrant a Staff course.

The stewards' course follows the School pattern like gravy follows spuds. There is an advanced course for Staff NCOs with previous experience. Thirty

TURN PAGE

GALLEY (cont.)

students are graduated yearly from two 12-week training periods. The basic sub-course gathers its students from boot camp, graduating 120 stewards in classes of 16 weeks duration.

Soon after students pick up their work books, they learn that the Food Service School isn't just a matter of tossing salads or getting dough under their fingernails. In fact, they are sometimes downright perplexed to find their first classroom hours will be devoted to reading tests and arithmetic reviews. Then, each student will give a practical demonstration of his cooking abilities.

The school operates on the progressive education system. There is no set training level; it fluctuates with the students' abilities. What the instructors are looking for in the initial testing is this:

Cooks and bakers must be able to read and interpret a recipe immediately. So, how rapidly and how accurately can these students read?

It takes a basic knowledge of mathematics to convert, say, a recipe for 100 servings into 850 servings. How familiar with arithmetic are the students?

Finally, some of the students have cooked before. Some have had years of experience. But, how well can they cook?

After the practical demonstrations and tests, the instructors will huddle over results turned out by the new class. Then, a level of instruction is established. If, as a class, the men are found to be rather inexperienced, the class starts on the bottom rung of the instructional ladder. Conversely, another class may show, through testing, more experience or education. It starts farther up the ladder.

After the School determines which starting gate the classes will leave from, the contest to turn out qualified cooks and bakers is on. Each course settles into its own unique routine.

The cooks' course, like all others, operates on the here's-how, now-do-it theory. Students are first tiered into classrooms for lectures and training films, then loosed in the demonstration (demo) galley for practical application. In fact, of the 490 hours devoted to cooking, more than half (294 hours) are spent in the demo galley.

The largest single subject facing experienced cooks is one tagged "Mess Fundamentals and Administration." Here, for 108 hours, Marines in white learn such things as consolidated mess systems, weights and measures, menu planning and property control. And this is merely a cross-section of the total subject. The Mess Fundamentals and Administration classes range from salt

to staphylococcus.

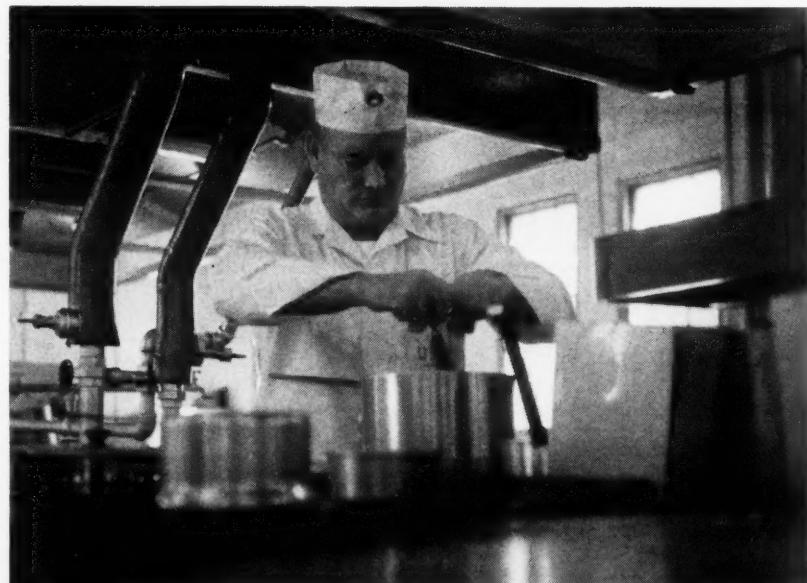
Because many field commands are not TOed for butchers, another class deals specifically with meat cutting. Cooking students must know how to cut and refrigerate certain meats for future use, even though most general messes now receive boxes of pre-cut beef. As

the instructors point out, there might be a time when a cook must start with a freshly killed carcass. So, the average steer, lamb, or hog might be surprised at the interest students have in animal bone structure.

The practical cook cannot always depend on having a baker in the galley,



Field cookery and bakery are required subjects at the school. PFC William Carcuffe, a bakery student, removed bread from a field oven



Electrical mixers are modern, the school affirms, but sometimes the old-fashioned methods are tastier. ASSgt John Cramer demonstrated

either. Consequently, cooks must learn the rudiments of pastry baking, with particular emphasis on rolls and other sweet-tooth delectables.

About three-quarters of the way through the course, the cooks move outside for field galley work. There they become acquainted—or reacquainted, as

prepare full meals. Then, they eat the meals. There is no better way to teach a man the value of tastiness in food.

This practical application, however, isn't restricted to cooking. Bakers also spend a multitude of hours with their hands in dough.

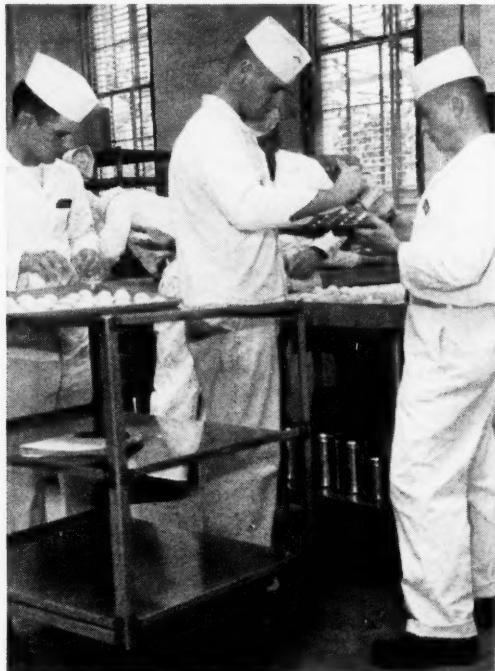
Two of the most important subjects

twitch the nostrils as students mix pie fillings, cakes, puddings, cookies and rolls. Bakers get 107 hours on the subject of preparing goodies.

The overall baking instruction is under the floured hand of MSgt Morris, while AMSgt Marion D. Branch presides over the cooks' course. AMSgt



AMSGT A. White (L) discussed cookies with Captain A. L. Bressler, Jr., School CO, and AMSGT J. Anderson (R)



Bakery students are taught how to make dough, then roll, butter and bake biscuits

the case may be—with field ranges, immersion burners and improvisation. The latter adds up to this: if you need more tables, cut down some trees and build them. But, turning trees into tables is but one method of improvisation. In general, it's the knack of getting what you need from what you've got. Improvisation becomes tricky when you need more food.

Moving from the field mess class to garrison mess training is like doffing work clothes for a suit. It's the next scheduled class, however.

Working in a garrison, or general, mess will take up most of a cook's career, so particular emphasis is placed on such subjects as the Marine Corps Recipe Manual, waste control, food inspection, storage and processing. This is a 76-hour subject learned only through practical application.

As stated, this practical application—either in the demo galley or an adjoining general mess where 800 Supply Schools students eat daily—is the largest segment of training. As a point of fact, early in the course, students must

facing bakery students are labeled "Field Equipment and Exercises" and "Bakery Technology."

In actual hours, bakers spend more time in the field than cooks. There is logic behind this. Outdoor baking is more complicated than outdoor cooking, although cooks will tirelessly argue the point. Also, bakery students must learn the construction and use of such old standards as Dutch ovens and converting fuel drums into ovens.

In 114 hours of bakery technology, students spend most of their time acquiring knowledge of breads. To this end, they learn the function of each ingredient used in breads, construct bread formulas, then bake, cool, slice and wrap bread products.

Technology isn't all bread, however. Other subjects include storage, baking machinery, water tempering, flours and grains and organization of a garrison bakery.

There is another class in bakery: pastry baking. Its demo galley usually smells like grandma's kitchen on Saturday afternoons. Spices and seasonings

Murray Pikelny is responsible for the composition and administration of tests.

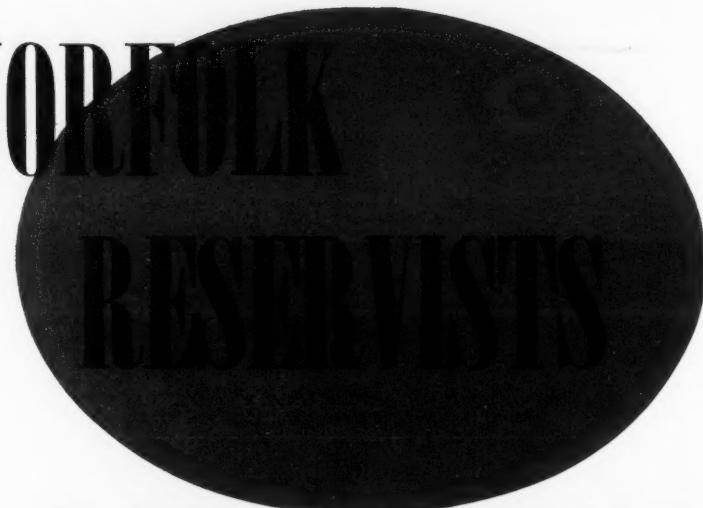
Examinations are based on the experience-education level of classes, as determined by the earlier survey. Tests may be rigid in the case of more experienced students or a little easier for classes without prior experience.

In all courses, students are graded both on classroom results and practical application. There is, of course, a monumental final exam, preluded by a number of tests as students progress from one subject to another. In total, cooking students receive 12—and bakers nine—examinations.

Coordinating the instructor staff, which, incidentally, has a combined 675 years of culinary experience, are Captain Alexander L. Bressler, Jr., and AMSGT Jack G. Anderson. Capt Bressler is CO of the Food Service School; AMSGT Anderson is the Academic Chief.

Capt Bressler enlisted in the Corps in 1948. He was commissioned five years later, after graduating from the Special Food Service Officers' Course. He has been in the (continued on page 85)

NORFOLK



by AGySgt Mel Jones

Photos by

ACpl Leroy Stark

The 3d Service Bn. is the Corps' Reserve anchor in Port City



ASSgts Billy Coltrain and Stanley Holland trained a class on the functioning of a light

machine gun. The battalion has an abundance of training areas; can obtain more if needed

IN 1947, when the Marine Corps originated a Reserve unit in Norfolk, its eight members occupied just one lone office. It was then an amphibious tractor outfit. Today, it's the 3d Service Battalion, with

a manning level of 230 enlisted and 12 officers. It is also one of three service battalions in the Corps' Reserve system (one each at Norfolk, Philadelphia and Memphis) and the fourth largest unit in its district, the 5th MCR&RD.

Even before World War One, Norfolk gave promise of being Virginia's largest city. The Indians were the first to reflect that "here we have a centrally located, ice-free, natural harbor, so let's make the most of it." Norfolk history

doesn't record what happened to the Indian village, but it does mention that the colonists who settled Jamestown landed at Cape Henry, only a few miles away. And in those days, progress meant the white man.

At any rate, the formal establishment of Norfolk occurred in 1682 when the English government bought the area from one Nicholas Wise (who may not have been for he sold the land for \$400 worth of tobacco).

For the next 100 years, the city seemed to test the extremes of English temperament. In 1754, Virginia's lieutenant governor was so proud of his largest (even then, with a population of 1000) borough, he presented Norfolk with a solid silver mace. It's on display today at a local bank.

Then, on New Year's Day in 1776, the town was leveled by British gunfire. Five years later the Norfolkites were revenged for the New Year's welcome when Cornwallis was defeated at York-

TURN PAGE



Armorers of the Ordnance Maintenance Co. inspected their arsenal. Ordnance is the Portsmouth satellite unit



Service Battalion's muster was taken alongside the barracks-type headquarters. The troops in civilian

clothes were part of the recruit platoon, scheduled to start six months active duty drilling this Summer

NORFOLK (cont.)

town which, by water, is only a few hundred fishtail-flips away from Norfolk.

Up until the first World War, the city concentrated on its sole facet of importance—its vast harbor facilities. It became, and still is, the largest export center in the States.

In 1917, the government tapped Norfolk as being a dandy spot for a Navy base and from that day to this most of the shipping into Norfolk has mounted guns. In fact, during World War II, a single day's liberty party into the city numbered as high as 60,000 servicemen.

At present, Norfolk contains the largest concentration of naval strength in the world. There are numerous service commands, most of them Navy, and many of them distinguished, such as NATO's Supreme Allied Command, Atlantic, the only international command in the Western Hemisphere.

A small part, geographically, of this sprawling Navy-land is called Camp Elmore. A World War II POW camp, it headed for a more illustrious future when it became the billeting area for headquarters units of FMF and Air-FMFLant. It's named, incidentally, after a Marine PFC who died in Korea providing cover fire for evacuation of



Norfolk Reservists purchased uniform items from a trailer dispatched from the nearby Naval base. The van visits during each drill period



PFC James Bramble worked on a brake drum bearing while other Automotive Maintenance Co. Reservists waited their turn at the axle

wounded. It was the first Marine base within the United States to be named for an enlisted man.

The 3d Service Battalion is located along one side of Elmore, in a set of buildings which are strictly Marine Corps and in an area large enough to create envy among other Reserve battalions. In fact, there seems to be plenty of room for everything; drills, workshops, classrooms, offices . . . and if more is needed, FMFLant is close by.

It would be impossible to consider the battalion as completely separate from the FMF units. The working relationship is too harmonious. The Reservists and Regulars at Elmore are like borrowing neighbors; you're never quite sure whose gear you'll find in which garage. This arrangement extends from use of the small-bore range (which the Regulars borrow) to employment of the messhall (which the Reservists utilize).

Command-wise, the battalion is a separate function—and a command with a background more heterogeneous than a mule's. If a family analogy can be used, an amphibious tractor battalion was 3d Service's grandpappy and a depot supply battalion the unit's father.

The amtrac battalion was established at Little Creek, a few miles from El-

more, in 1947. The outfit was still the 11th Amtracs when it was mobilized in 1950.

PFC Paul Harrison was a comparative recruit in that fateful year of the KC (Korean Crisis). Today, he's an acting gunnery sergeant, and first sergeant of the Supply Company. He recalls:

"We were getting ready for Summer camp. Instead we received a 45-day notice to report for active duty. We went to Camp Lejeune as a unit, but then about 75 percent of us were sent to Parris Island for boot training."

Afterwards, Harrison went back to Camp Lejeune to serve in armored amtracs and was released back to Reserve Status in 1952.

When the Corps started reorganizing its Reserve components in 1952, the Norfolk unit became a depot supply battalion. Basically, this type of unit resembles a service battalion, except some platoons, such as disbursing and signal maintenance, are not TOed for the Service Battalion Reservists. And the training approach is different in at least one case: depot supply training is exactly that, with emphasis on base command supply and warehousing, whereas service battalion supply leans toward FMF field supply procedures.

The Norfolk battalion is composed of four companies; H&S, Ordnance Main-



Major Ruth A. Nehf is the only Woman Marine on the battalion staff. She is the unit's adjutant

tenance, Automotive Maintenance and Supply.

If there's one Marine Corps unit which hardly ever varies its mission, it's an H&S company; 3d Service's 38-man and six-officer company is no different, with one possible exception.

The exception is the recruit platoon, which usually numbers around 10 youths who will find themselves in some man-sized platoons at Parris Island.

All the recruits are six-month-train-

ing enlistees and are waiting for the date when they are committed to report to recruit training. For most, during the school year, this means soon after graduation. Until that time, however, they must attend drills—and the recruit platoon DIs try to impart a bit of Corps wisdom into their still-civilian craniums. It isn't easy. Until they report to PI, the youths are associated with the Marines just two days a month. During this time, they may smile even broader when they hear their Reservist DI counsel:

"I advise you NOT to smile when given an order by your drill instructor at Parris Island!"

The wise ones quit smiling, according to DIs, SSgt John Moore and ASSgts D. Scott Maxwell and H. Earl Hanbury.

Commanding Officer of H&S Company is Captain Blair L. MacKenzie, who is also the battalion's S-3.

The Automotive Maintenance Company is commanded by two lawyers, in civilian profession. They are Captain Robert Stewart, the CO, and First Lieutenant H. Lee Addison, the exec.

By trade, this company's title is self-explanatory. For its ingenuity, this outfit requires explaining.

The 3d Service Bn. has a complement of 2½-ton trucks for battalion utility purposes and for automotive maintenance training. (continued on page 82)



Lieutenant Colonels Walter R. "Pug" O'Quinn (L) and John R. Fields traded CO news at a meeting.

LtCol O'Quinn is the Reserve commanding officer and LtCol Fields was I-1 until his recent transfer

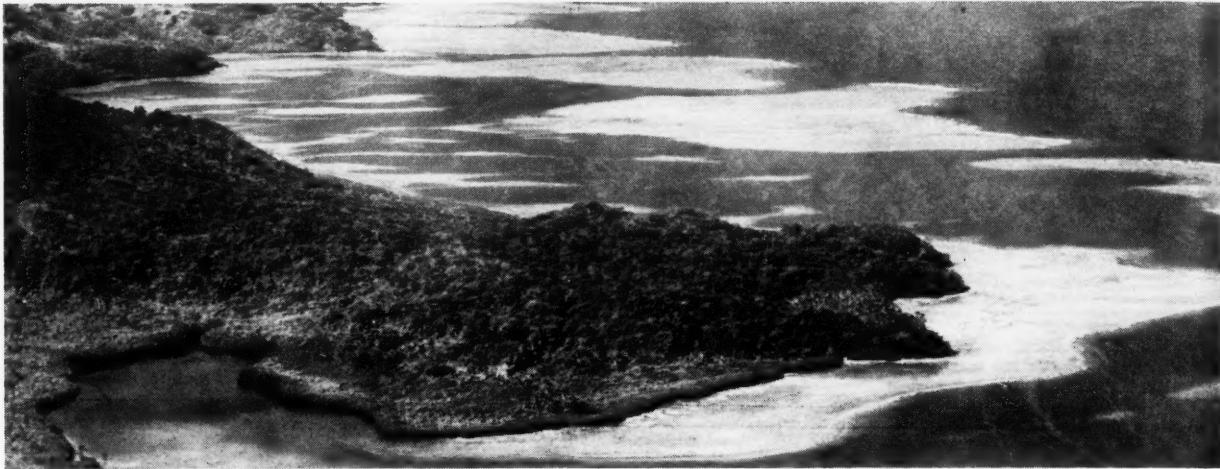


Photo by Bob Wright, Fiji Government
Public Relations Department

Koro Island's rugged and reef-strewn beaches are just as wild today as they were that 28-30 July,

1942, when the First Marine Div. struggled ashore in rehearsal for the epochal Guadalcanal landing

**RETURN
TO THE
ISLANDS**

KORO

**The First Division Marines found
the practice landing on Koro difficult**

by Robert C. Hayes
Photos by the Author

DAWN BROKE over the eastern horizon and the Marines, waiting silently on their transport decks for the signal to embark in the landing craft, could see only the ocean around them and a tiny speck to the south.

That speck was Koro Island in the Fijis and it was to go down in Marine Corps history as the rehearsal site for the epochal Guadalcanal assault which took place less than two weeks later.

McMillan's book, *The Old Breed*, says: "Whoever selected Koro Island in the Fijis as the pre-invasion maneuver area for Guadalcanal made a mistake," and the First Marine Division report of the operation added that



Members of the First and Fifth Regiments, who made the pre-invasion landing on Koro two weeks

before the Guadalcanal assault, rested on a copra drying rack while waiting for landing craft to return



Suva's military cemetery held the bodies of 137 Americans until 1946, when they were re-interred in the United States



Aisake Tanidrala proudly held carved Marine Corps emblem presented to him in 1942 by the Eleventh Marine Regt.

"Coral conditions on the island beaches rendered them impractical for actual landing operations."

Koro today is just as rugged and reef-strewn as it was during that period between 28-30 July, 1942, when combat-laden men of the First Marine Division struggled ashore in the face of reefs, coral heads and mountainous jungle. To a Marine re-exploring the South Pacific islands of World War II, 17 years later, Koro still is well nigh inaccessible. Inhabited only by native villages and copra plantations, it is visited only on rare instances by inter-island trading vessels bringing sup-

plies from the city of Suva some 75 miles to the south.

Suva and Nandi on the main island of Viti Levu are better known to Marines. Suva was a liberty port for many sea-going Marines and others were sent there to recuperate after the first fierce days on Guadalcanal. Those men could walk the length of the main street, from the Grand Pacific Hotel to the big Army PX near the wharfs, and notice hardly any change. Sure, Suva has grown to 40,000 population and boasts a new cinemascope movie, but the pubs, souvenir shops and Indian restaurants look just about the same.

Many air crews flew in and out of

the Nandi airport, which now has a 13,700-foot jet runway, a new \$600,000 air terminal nearing completion, and rightly claims to be the international air hub of the South Pacific. Five overseas airlines, flying as many national flags, stop here regularly en route from the States to Sydney, Auckland, Noumea, Samoa and Tahiti, including Qantas Airways' Boeing 707 jets.

As so often happens, "a few Marines" made a strong impact on Fiji, and wherever a Marine goes throughout the islands now there is a ready welcome and warm reception in memory of the deeds of the Corps in those dark days of 1942.

END



White-gloved policemen directing traffic are still a familiar sight in Suva. Store in background once was an Army PX

← This gaunt row of searchlight towers was a grim reminder of Suva's preparation for the enemy, who was halted at Guadalcanal

FROM OUR READERS

A New Angle

by Capt Robert B. Morrisey

SOMEBODY said *Leatherneck* was hungry for new manuscripts from contributing writers. Optimistically, I decided to be one of those contributing authors. All I needed was an angle, I reasoned, and that shouldn't be too difficult. It was simply a matter of thinking one up.

Twenty-seven brainstorms and three headaches later, my mind was changed. Finding a new angle wasn't difficult; no, it was virtually impossible! My optimism was wounded, but I wasn't a casualty yet. "Why don't you get a new angle from the magazine's editors?" I asked myself. "Why not?" myself replied.

Armed with the self-confidence of a Marine wearing a full-length bullet-proof raincoat and toting a BAR in each hand, I charged into the editorial offices of the "Magazine of the Marines." Certainly, there's nothing like a friendly, personal chat with editors who have nothing to do but put out a national magazine once a month. There I was, face-to-face with a pair of horn-rimmed glasses and a worried expression. Both belonged to the same person, the assistant managing editor. I was impressed. He wasn't.

"I understand *Leatherneck* is hungry for some new stuff," I opened boldly.

"We always look a little hungry around here," he countered with a long sigh, "but then we're on a restricted diet of sorts." This was a nice way to put it, I thought to myself. He doesn't want to give the impression that the magazine is in any way hard put for material.

"I'm ready to do an article for you," I pursued diligently. "All I need is a new angle."

"That's nice," he replied cordially. I decided he must have collateral duties as assistant in charge of contributor relations. This would explain his courteous reaction to my offer. He stroked his chin as he stared at the ceiling. I looked at the ceiling, too, but I didn't see any new angles up there.

Skipping the angle business for a moment, I inquired: "Just what is it you most look for in a manuscript?"

"Double-spacing," he answered quite soberly, reaching toward the box in the corner of his cluttered desk. From it he took a large handful of papers and plunked them on the desk before him. "We really get quite a few contributions," the horn-rimmed editor sighed as he thumbed through the stack, "but not all of them have

relatively new or useable angles. Like this one" He handed me what was clearly intended to be a manuscript. It was entitled: *I Was A Teen-Age Messman*.

"Didn't sell?" I suggested.

He nodded from port to starboard. "Insufficient reader interest," he contributed. "And I have others," he volunteered. "Here's one called *From Here to Atsugi*. It's about a plane trip to the Far East. Then there's this one containing a gripe. Calls it *No Time For Lance Corporals*. We even get some do-it-yourself stuff, like *Birth of A Notion*. And here's one on drill procedures: *And Then There Were Eight*."

Still nodding his head, he handed me the remainder of the pile on his desk. In it were such potential articles as *My DI Was A Good Guy*, *The High Cost of Liberty*, and *There I Was At 22,500 Feet With Two Parachutes*.

It came to me at this point that not all angles were necessarily new, good—or the kind *Leatherneck* was looking for. "Certainly you must have some criteria for acceptance," I said, returning the manuscripts. The editor handed me the latest edition of *Writer's Market* which is to the contributing author as the *Wall Street Journal* is to the veteran stock investor.

"I think you'll find the answer in that book," he advised. Sure enough, under the magazine's heading, I read this explanation:

"Writing for Marines about Marines is not an easy job. They know themselves very well and if they don't recognize themselves in what they read, we hear about it in no uncertain Marine terms, says Managing Editor (Karl A.) Schuon." The item goes on to say that the magazine is looking for fiction with a Marine angle; clean boy meets girl, barracks humor, and Marines on liberty with plots against authentic foreign or Stateside backdrops.

"That's all there is to it," interrupted the editor with the worried expression. "Just keep in mind that it has to be new, original, and appropriate. Our regular staffers take care of most of the factual coverage of the Corps, so we're more in the market for good fiction. When can we expect your manuscript?" He smiled warmly. I smiled skeptically. The interview was concluded.

I've been looking at a lot of ceilings since, and one of these days I'll suddenly find an original idea. When I do, I think I'll entitle it *A New Angle*.

Maybe it'll sell.

DISCIPLINE: Start With Yourself

by J. B. Aldridge

DISCIPLINE is defined by the dictionary as: Systematic training or subjection to authority, especially the training of the mental, moral and physical powers by instruction and exercise. Its' result, habit of obedience.

Military discipline is interpreted as the state of order and obedience among military personnel resulting from training. It is the exact execution of orders resulting from an intelligent, willing obedience rather than one based solely upon habit or fear.

Dictionary definitions, field manuals and numerous directives on the subject are available to all, but where and how is discipline utilized to the utmost for benefit of the service and the individual?

All interpretations generally agree that discipline is training and unhesitating response. Discipline, therefore, begins at the very earliest age. The training given by parents and in school is merely continued when the individual reaches the military. The better the product of home training, the better the serviceman. The individual who has his own way and whose whims are pampered by doting parents has a very rude awakening upon being called for military service. Discipline-Training, are the essence and body of the military. We must obey authority.

Personnel in charge or command (Corporals to Generals) must perform understand how and when to command. But before being able to command we ourselves must be capable of strict obedience. The very first lesson in obedience comes from our mothers' first, "NO YOU CANNOT DO THAT," and continues throughout our lives. The people who fight it, the non-conformists, are the people who populate our jails and disciplinary barracks.

Discipline too often is thought of as something frightening or threatening when actually it is only a routine part of our normal life. Nations discipline their citizens.

The motorist on a lonely stretch of highway speeding along at seventy-five miles per hour in a sixty-mile per-hour zone is non-disciplined. The disciplined man obeys the law with or without the presence of the enforcer. The speeder, when apprehended, will be disciplined by punishment as he hears the local judge decree, "\$30 or 30 days." Other motorists obeying traffic signs have been disciplined and obey without benefit of punishment or further training. So it is with the military.

The military, from ancient times, has been and is, the force that insures the survival of the nation it defends. In all the military, discipline-training are of the first necessity. Therefore, it is the duty of everyone in service to accept discipline, and, in the appropriate manner, to discipline.

For we of the military, it is a foregone conclusion that we accept discipline with alacrity and dispatch, but do we know how to discipline properly? Are we constant in our approach to discipline through training? Are we consistent in instilling the motivation in our personnel to insure well disciplined-trained troops? The answer, as it pertains to each of us individually, will appear in our unit punishment log, the number of court-martials held in our command, our reenlistment percentage and the

morale of the unit.

The mission of our service is to maintain a fighting force, ready, *willing* and able to meet and defeat our enemy at anytime and in any area. The code we must impart to each man is: Prepare for the day when your life will depend on your skill as a Marine . . . Be Ready . . . Be Able. When each man of our service is imbued with these thoughts, then, and only then, do we have well-disciplined men. These men will follow their leader without hesitation; further they will continue on in the event their leader is lost. They are trained to unhesitatingly obey. When each individual has the successful completion of his mission, as it pertains to his squad, platoon, company, etc., foremost in his mind, ultimate victory is a surety. This can only be obtained through strict discipline.

Discipline, as we have stated, begins practically at birth and continues until death. However, ours being a democratic nation where freedom is abundant, some of us are reluctant to accept discipline for the benefit it gives us. People who refuse discipline as an infringement on their rights are the people, who like the errant motorist, must be disciplined through punishment.

Disciplining-training troops is an every minute, every day task. Many times, certain phases of training or indoctrination necessary for the positive development of troops must be expedited or perhaps forced, somewhat similar to a mother giving medicine to a child. Both are for the benefit of the individual even though he may not think so. When this condition arises many men cannot understand why and rebel against it or accept their training a half-hearted manner. This will never happen with well disciplined troops. However, for the rest, they must be taught, through leadership and example, the reason for the training and what it can do for them. It is the duty of all non-commissioned and commissioned officers, through leadership and example, to indoctrinate all concerned with the importance of discipline. The more informed the man the better the results of the training.

Military discipline emanates from the commanding officer and is reflected through the ranks to the lowest ranked individual. "Rank has its privileges" is often heard in discussions and it is generally conceded that the privileges acquired are warranted, however, more important than rank has its privileges is that rank has its responsibilities. Responsibilities of rank cannot be delegated. A *laissez-faire*, *do-as-I-say* attitude, has no place in the military. Do as I do, or follow me, is the proper method. The true leader is a well disciplined man who by his actions, assures himself well disciplined troops. Respect and loyalty are earned and inspired by the leader . . . troops who respect their leader are disciplined troops. They will never fail at the critical time.

Therefore, to properly discipline-train troops, we must, each and everyone of us, practice a rigid self discipline emulating our leaders, and through our own efforts acquire the requisites of a leader. We shall then be obeyed without hesitation or question by the spirit engendered to our men through leadership.

We-the Marines

Edited by

AGySgt Mel Jones

Success Story

In June of 1955, Karl Rippelmeyer was graduated from boot camp at Parris Island, and promoted to PFC because he was an honor graduate.

In June of 1960, Rippelmeyer was graduated again, this time from the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Once

again, he finished with distinction, winning the top athletic award the Academy bestows on graduating seniors. He is now a second lieutenant, undergoing Basic School training at Quantico.

The former midshipman received the Naval Academy Athletic Association

sword which is given annually to the senior "who is considered by the athletic committee to have personally excelled in athletics during his years of varsity competition."

The lieutenant was Navy's top-scoring lacrosse player this year; he was named to the second all-American lacrosse team last year and, when a third classman, he was the first midshipman since 1946 to be cited for winning three letters in one year. He is also considered to be an outstanding soccer player and indoor track broad jumper.

For the past five years, winners of the Academy sword have chosen to be commissioned in the Corps.

In addition to Rippelmeyer, 62 other graduates of the 1960 class chose Marine Corps billets. Among them was Thomas Solak, first string guard for Navy's football team.

U. S. Naval Academy
Annapolis, Md.



Photo by J. D. Weaver

A present-day Marine showed a future grown-up how to administer a shot during the filming of a Civil Defense movie at Camp Lejeune

Speedy Surgery

It took 2d Medical Bn. corpsmen and Marines just 21 minutes to convert a truck convoy into an eight-tent, fully equipped, 60-bed hospital during the shooting of a Civil Defense film at Camp Lejeune.

In addition to the "instant hospital," battalion personnel demonstrated the self-administration of drugs necessary in case of nuclear war.

Eighty-two men took part in erecting the blitz hospital. Each man had a pre-determined job which he accomplished on signal from Navy Lieutenant Kenneth Floan, who stood on top of a field ambulance, barking orders over a portable PA system.

When the job was finished, the hospital was ready to treat up to 250 patients a day, in addition to the 60 bed patients.

AGySgt Joel Ferguson
ISO
MCB, Camp Lejeune



Photo by G. W. Benton

Roy Wanstreet, HMC, from 29 Palms, wheelbarrowed \$18,000 he had saved during his career

From TV to Trucks

Marine Corps research and development stories have been breaking faster than a measles rash. Latest of the "new equipment" releases involve a field artillery weapon, vehicles, a TV-type front line snooper and a ballistic tank helmet for armored Marines.

The helicopter-transportable XM-70 is destined to become the country's first automatic field artillery weapon. Using 115-mm. boosted rocket rounds, the cannon will fire six rounds in $2\frac{1}{2}$ seconds from two clusters of three breech tubes, each mounted side by side. Each cluster revolves, like the cylinder of a six-gun, moving a round into position for firing through a single-mounted launch tube.

Scheduled for initial operational use in 1962, the weapon is expected to replace the 105-mm. howitzer and 4.2 mortar in artillery regiments.

Delivery has already been accepted on the first 250 "Mighty Mite" quarter-ton vehicles. Field tests will be conducted in all three divisions.

The "Mighty Mite" is more than 900 pounds lighter than the quarter-ton 4x4 vehicle now in use. However, it retains full capacity for carrying cargo, personnel or towing loads. In addition, shipping space has been reduced, all allowing more of the vehicles to be carried by aircraft.

Quantico's Equipment Board is expected to receive the first electronic snooper next month.

Described as "an electronic system for gathering tactical intelligence and presenting it instantaneously and comprehensively to command posts," the device can utilize existing Corps communications units.

Simply, the process works through a front line observer operating a hand-held message generator. Target identity, location, numbers and other relative information can be burst over standard field communications gear. The information arrives three seconds later on a TV-type tube set up in a rear area command post.

Finally, the First Division's 1st Tank Battalion is evaluating a new ballistic tank helmet.

The helmet will permit stoppage of shrapnel traveling up to 1430 feet per second, compared to the 800 feet per second stoppage of the present helmet. This will eliminate the need for tank crewmen to carry infantry-type helmets in addition to their own.

An added feature is the inclusion of simplified communications gear. All such equipment is included within the new helmet, eliminating the chest-borne transfer box now worn by tankers.

Office of Public Affairs, DOD
DivInfo, HQMC
Stromberg-Carlson
ISO, 1st Mar Div

TURN PAGE



A Saturday night in old Dodge City? No, it was an afternoon in Hollywood with two Warner Brothers

stuntmen "brawling" for Combat Correspondents' Association. Guests were former Corps PIO men

Photo by AGySgt C. B. Tyler

WE—THE MARINES (cont.)

Bee-wary

When a queen bee is about to be born, the drones and workers, accompanied by the old queen, set out to find a new domicile.

So explained a bee-keeper to the sting-shy Marines who operate the Fire Control Radar trailer for Air Support Squadron Three at El Toro.

The explanation, though educational, didn't ease the Marines' wariness. What did, was the removal of 10,000 drones and workers—plus one queen bee—who had decided the trailer would make a bee-lightful home.

SSgt Bob Springer
ISO
MCAS, El Toro

Pendleton will tabulate all Marines serving from west of the Mississippi to India, while Lejeune keeps track of Marines stationed throughout the rest of the world. The Washington machine serves as master control center.

If you're interested in personnel data efficiency, note that:

In less than 24 hours, the new network can determine the manpower levels of world-wide Marine commands, specifying the exact number and types of skills needed to bring each unit up to its full combat strength.

Electronic service records will be kept on about 475,000 Marines, Regular and Reserve. Recorded will be 151 items of information on each man . . . on less than two inches of magnetic tape. In all, 23 million facts will be stored on 20 reels of tape. If this information were punched on stacked cards, the pile would be higher than the Empire State Building!

One of the system's principal tasks will be to assist in processing more than a million annual changes in personnel records. The HQMC machine can do this at a speed equal to that of 290 clerk typists.

It can also make 20,000 "decisions" per second and add 15,000 numbers faster than you can write a single word.

Office of Public Affairs
DOD



Official USMC Photo

Sgt R. D. Perkins got his sword of office after assignment as SgtMaj, MB, 8th and Eye

Electronic File Clerk

Whether you're Regular or Reserve, there's a machine at HQMC which has you filed away in the labyrinths of its electronic brain.

Called the Electronic Data Processing System, the Headquarters machine is actually one of three. A similar computer is located at Camp Pendleton and another at Camp Lejeune.



Official USMC Photo

General David M. Shoup, Corps' Commandant, took a practice golf swing during the annual Hq. Bn., HQMC, field day held at Quantico

Lost and Found

ASSgt Theodore Heflin, a Camp Pendleton motor transport man, has been reunited with his brother . . . after a 27-year separation.

When they were children, Theodore lived with his grandparents and Robert was adopted by a couple who moved to another city.

The two boys lost all contact with each other. At the age of 16, Theodore began an intensive search for his brother in their home town of Harrisonburg, Va., but was unsuccessful.

After enlisting in 1948, he spent many leave periods trying to locate his brother, but to no avail.

Last January, while attending a school at Camp Lejeune, the sergeant once again returned to Harrisonburg. This time he appealed to the Red Cross, whose representatives checked the available information, then contacted the Harrisonburg *Daily News-Record*. The paper ran a feature story of the lifelong search. The story was picked up by the wire services and flashed cross-country.

In April, ASSgt Heflin got a long-distance phone call. It was his brother, now living in San Jose, Calif.

GySgt Tom Blair
ISO
MCB, Camp Lejeune

Fair Trade

A coincidental inter-service swap occurred at Parris Island recently when a career Marine's son joined the Air Force and an Air Force major general watched his son graduate from Marine recruit training.

1stSgt Robert A. Gilbert, senior instructor at the Recruiters' School, was the recipient of a letter informing him that his son, Robert, had received a Congressional appointment to the Air Force Academy. He reported to the Colorado-based academy last month.

A few days after 1stSgt Gilbert learned of his son's appointment, recruit platoon 117 was graduated. One of the recruits, John Kelly, was meritoriously promoted to PFC. His father, Major General Joseph Kelly, was among the spectators who watched the graduation ceremony. MajGen Kelly is the Commander, Air Proving Ground Center, Eglin Air Force Base, Fla.

AGySgt William Morris
LCpl Dave Jayne III
ISO
MCRDep, Parris Island

On the Ice

Marine aerial navigator Robert Spann has been meritoriously promoted to staff sergeant. But that's not all. He has had a mountain named after him; he has been awarded the Navy Letter of Commendation; and he has been proclaimed a "living miracle" by doctors.

SSgt Spann was one of the few Marines, most of them navigators, selected to participate in Deepfreeze exercises at Antarctica in 1955 and 1956. He navigated a Navy "Neptune" during the first two transcontinental flights across Antarctica by way of the South Pole. On one of them, new mountain ranges were discovered and credited to the United States. Accordingly, one of the mountains has been named Mt. Spann by the Department of Interior.

For his navigational work on those and other arctic flights, the Marine was awarded the Letter of Commendation.

Then, his ski-equipped aircraft crashed on landing, killing four and injuring four others.

SSgt Spann sustained an injury which left him unable to walk or speak. It took a year of medical treatment and several years of recuperation before he returned to active duty status.

He is now serving with the Station Operations and Engineering Squadron at Cherry Point.

AGySgt N. J. Malecki
ISO
MCAS, Cherry Point
END

MAY CRAZY CAPTION WINNER

Submitted by
AGySgt Herbert J. Lang
H&HS, MWHG, 2d MAW
Cherry Point, N. C.

"For the hearing test, we drop a grenade in a Dempster Dumpster."



Here's another chance for readers to dream up their own Crazy Captions. *Leatherneck* will pay \$25 for the craziest caption received before October 1. It's easy. Think up a crazy caption for the cartoon below, print it on the line under the cartoon and fill in your name and complete address. Tear out the cartoon and coupon and mail to *Leatherneck Magazine*, P.O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D.C.

The winning caption will be published in the November issue.



NAME

ADDRESS IN FULL



IF I WERE COMMANDANT

Checks for \$25.00 have been mailed to the writers of the letters which appear on these pages. Leatherneck will continue to print—and pay for—ideas expressed by readers who have sincere constructive suggestions for a better Corps. If you were Commandant, what would you do? Your answer may bring you a check. Write your suggestions in the form of a double-spaced typewritten letter of not more than 300 words, and mail to Leatherneck, P. O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C. Be sure to include your name, rank, and service number. Letters cannot be acknowledged or returned.

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would issue a Marine Corps Order to change the current procedure for the processing of DD Form 93-1.

Present instructions direct that whenever certain changes are necessary on this form, a new form will be typed, signed and witnessed. An original will be mailed to Headquarters Marine Corps, a signed original will be placed in the service record book or officer's qualification record, as applicable. At present this is done on reporting unit level.

I would issue instructions in a new Marine Corps Order wherein the method of transmission of the original copy, destined for file in Headquarters Marine Corps, be changed. I would direct that, in all commands wherein more than one reporting unit exists, the forms be collected or consolidated and forwarded in one envelope, in lieu of each unit submitting by separate envelopes as changes occur. In the divisions, wings, depots and bases, the first collection would be effected on battalion/squadron level then submitted to regiment/base headquarters/depot level for further consolidation. In the divisions/wings, the regiments/groups would consolidate the forms and forward to division or wing headquarters. From base headquarters, from depots, divisions and wings all forms collected would then be sent to Headquarters Marine Corps in one or more envelopes as applicable.

I would further direct that this consolidation accrue on a weekly basis, with instructions for each command to establish its own procedures for collection of the forms (use of guard mail, direct delivery, etc.). Use of

special envelopes, with particular identifying information thereon to ensure expeditious handling, would be recommended within commands.

This new procedure would be devised to conserve the cost of the many hundreds, perhaps thousands of individual envelopes and the resultant postage that is being used by each re-



porting unit in the Marine Corps on a daily basis to forward DD Forms 93-1. In addition, this procedure would reduce the labor and manpower currently utilized on a daily basis in the entire Marine Corps to insert the forms in envelopes, address the envelopes, place them in the mail system and ultimately to process them in Headquarters Marine Corps by sorting and opening the many envelopes for collection in the appropriate section. By consolidation, in a planned and established routine, on a weekly basis, these savings would materialize and would be considered to be of inestimable value throughout the Marine Corps when computed throughout the future years.

Current policy at Headquarters Marine Corps establishes the necessity for a verification by dispatch of the most recent entries on the DD Form

93-1 in the service record book in case of death. This is believed to be necessary in case a new form was executed immediately prior to death and the current copy has not been received at Headquarters Marine Corps. Consolidation of forms, necessitating some delay in transmittal of the copies for file in Headquarters Marine Corps, would not materially affect the mission of the Marine Corps since verification can still be accomplished by use of the copy in the service record. If necessary, in case of death, that particular copy en route from one echelon to another could be found and forwarded by air mail.

In addition, copies of promotion certificates and copies of Good Conduct Medal awards could be consolidated on the same basis. Such effort would add considerable savings to those previously mentioned.

After this procedure had been used and tested I would recommend that similar procedures be established in the other armed services, if not already in use, to pass the savings to others.

Capt Elmer R. Hansen
055517

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would initiate two changes in the present clothing regulations for Marine Corps recruiters. We are readily aware that the recruiter is "The Marine Corps" in a great majority of the United States, but we fail to acknowledge this fact in his clothing allowance.

First, I would issue an additional two sets of tropical worsted to recruiters in the 1st, 4th, 5th and 9th districts, and an additional total of three sets to recruiters in the 6th, 8th

and 12th districts. These uniforms are worn approximately seven months out of the year by recruiters in the southern districts and the present required amount lasts a recruiter one year.

Secondly, I would delegate authority to the OinC to procure contract cleaners in the RS and RSS cities and allow recruiters to have their uniforms cleaned at no cost to them as is presently being done for our DIs. A tropical uniform can be worn one day during the hot and humid Summer weather experienced by southern recruiters and this in a period of seven months can cost him approximately \$150.00 in cleaning bills. This amount represents about two years of his present clothing allowance.

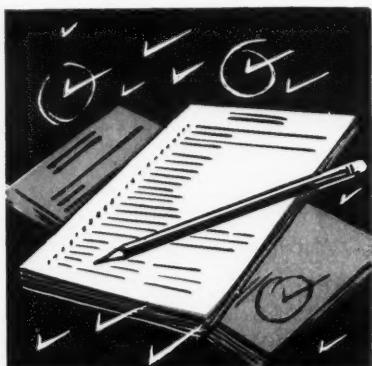
With the ever-present need of qualified recruiters, I feel this would make recruiting duty more attractive to potential recruiters.

SSgt Ronald E. Ward
1175889

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would initiate the following change in ordering missing directives from the Marine Corps Directives System, Quarterly Check List.

The normal procedure of checking the orders against the check list and submitting a letter to the Commanding General (Code 580), Marine Corps Supply Activity with a three-to four-page enclosure of missing orders entails duplication and loss of time in procuring the missing directives. To cut down much of this paper work, when the directives are checked off against the check list, I would circle the missing directives in red



pencil or red ink and forward the entire check list back to the Commanding General (Code 580), Marine Corps Supply Activity with the below

format which can be printed and added as a last page to the check list:

FORMAT

To: Commanding General (Code 580), Marine Corps Supply Activity, 1100 South Broad Street, Philadelphia 46, Pennsylvania

1. It is requested that the directives indicated on this list by a red circle be forwarded to the address listed below:

(Signature)

RETURN ADDRESS (Unit address may be stamped)

This system works very effectively in checking pages in Volume 4 (Chapter 4) of the Navy Comptroller Manual and, if adopted, would save time and money for the Marine Corps in its administrative work. This can be broken down to division, regiment and battalion check lists for missing directives which a company would be required to have.

The company distribution on this check list is one copy; if the distribution was changed to two copies, the company would have a file copy of what they put in for while this is being processed.

ASSgt Nicholas M. Radel
1071573

Dear Sir:

If I were the Commandant of the Marine Corps, I would, as soon as the M-14 rifle comes into the supply system, issue one or two M-14s to each Marine Reserve Ground Unit. The word is out that the FMF is going to receive the first shipment of M-14s late in 1960 or early 1961; the Reservists will not receive theirs until 1964. If mobilization comes between 1961 and 1964 it could possibly put a heavy burden on the Reservists, due to the lack of working knowledge of the M-14.

Since the majority of the Reservists are ready for an emergency, then it seems it would be feasible to have them equipped, and have the knowledge of the Regulars.

GySgt Richard L. Holycross
1066816

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would establish a system by which recruits would be allowed to dispose of civilian clothing upon entering recruit training. At the present time, they have no choice but to mail their civilian clothing home, which many recruits do not care to do. I think they should be told that they have a

choice of sending their clothes home or donating them to a worthy organization, such as Navy Relief, Red Cross, Salvation Army or any other worthy charity. The choice would be theirs. It would be the responsibility of the organization receiving the clothing to have them laundered and dry cleaned. There are always needy families who would benefit by this.

AMSGt James J. Duhe
488949



Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would revise MCO 3574.2 (Marksmanship with Individual Small Arms) and MCO 6100.3A (Physical Fitness).

I would either change the rifle re-qualification age to 40, to agree with the physical fitness program, or I would lower the physical fitness age to 36 to agree with the rifle requalification. These two orders, I feel, are closely related and should have the same eligibility requirements. Paragraph 24000, Marine Corps Manual, clearly outlines training for all Marines and these two orders are inconsistent to the objectives outlined.

It is quite obvious the age should be 40, thus insuring that all senior Marines be fully qualified in these two important programs.

To lead and set the example is of paramount importance and requiring all Marines 40 years and under to meet these requirements would enhance the leadership qualities of our senior Marines.

Marksmanship and physical fitness are synonymous with the Marine Corps and changing these orders would insure uniformity and strict compliance with this goal.

MGySgt Wilmot H. Wolf
432200
END

Transfers



Each month *Leatherneck* publishes names of the top pay grade personnel transferred by Marine Corps Special Orders. We print as many as space permits. These columns list abbreviations of both old and new duty stations.

This feature is intended primarily to provide information whereby Marines may maintain a closer contact with this important phase of the Corps.

This listing is for information purposes only, and is NOT to be construed as orders. It is subject to HQMC modifications.

E9

CULLMAN, Vernon L (9999) MCS Quant to 2MTBn FAIR, Joseph E (9999) 6thRIFCo to 3dMarDiv

E8

AYCOCK, William B (1833) MCSC Albany to ForTrps CamLej BEAN, William H (0398) MB Yokosuka to ForTrps CamLej BIRDMAN, Vern A (3061) MCAS ElToro to MCB CamPen BOWMAN, Howard W (3071) 1stMAW to 7thEngCo CARPENTER, Louis V (3516) MCB CamLej to 2dMAW DICKSON JR, George E (0398) 76thRIFCo to 3dMarDiv DUNCAN, William M (1811) MCSC Albany to ForTrps CamLej FRITH, Lind S (0398) MCS Quant to 3dMarDiv GODWIN, Edward R (0369) FMFPac to MCB CamPen HAYES, Albert S (0398) MCRD SD to 7thEngCo HUGHES, Walter A (0398) FMFLant to MCS Quant LONG, Donald W (0398) MCB CamPen to 102dRIFCo MC FADDEN, Lawrence D (0411) 8thMCRRD to 3dMarDiv PADERICK, Edwin L (0398) MB Clarksville to MCS Quant PODRY, Francis E (0398) HQMC to 3dMarDiv SIMMONS, Dorsey (0398) FMFPac to 2dMarDiv SMITH JR, Estus C (1359) FMFLant to MCB CamLej TAYLOR, James J (0398) MCRD SD to 15thRIFCo WEISNEWSKI, Joseph A (0398) MCS Quant to MCBS Des Moines WILSON, Robert W (0398) MCB CamLej to 46thRIFCo

E7

BALL, George W (0141) 2dMTBn to MCRD PI BECKHAM, Jack W (0141) 1stMarDiv to MCRD PI FFT BLANFORD JR, Joseph T (3049) MCSC Albany to HQMC BLOOM, John T (3516) 1stMarDiv to MCB Barstow BODEN, John R (3071) 5thCommCo to 1stMAW BRATTEN, Erling B (0141) MCB CamLej to MB Indian Head BRIDGES, Charles R (2771) 7th105mmHowBtry to MCRD SD BRYANT, Thomas P (3421) MCRD PI to 3dMarDiv BURNETT, Johnnie R (0231) 2dMarDiv to MARTD Anacostia CAMPBELL, Gordon A (3049) MCB CamLej to MB Chasn COOK, Stanford G (3421) MCB CamPen to 1stMarDiv COOK, Wilson W (1841) 1stMarDiv to 2dDrdFidMntCo

COSPER, Jack D (0141) MARTD Glen to 1stMarDiv to 2dMAW DAVITT, Francis E (0369) 78thRIFCo to 1stMarDiv DECK, Henry L (3121) MCSC Barstow to 1stMAW DESMOND, Edward J (0141) HQMC to MCRD PI DETERS, John H (6611) 2dMAW to MCS Quant DEUTSCH, Steven M (2529) 2d155mmHowBtry to 1stMarDiv EWERD, Edward F (2529) FMFPac to 5th105mmHowBtry FAKE, Robert E (0141) 4thMCRRD to MCRD PI FAVILLE, Herbert W (1349) FMFLant to MCB CamLej FORD, Forest C (3349) 1stMAW to 2dMarDiv FRYMARK, Frank H (0141) MCAS ElToro to 76thRIFCo GRUSS, Adam P (0141) MB BLakes to MCAS ElToro FFT HANCOCK JR, Elvin C (3049) 1stMAW to 26thRIFCo HAWKINS, James E (3311) MCB CamPen to 1stMAW HICKS, Donald I (0369) MB WashDC to 2dMarDiv KIEPER, Clarence F (0141) HQMC to MCS Quant KIMBALL, Delbert E (3421) 2dMarDiv to HQMC LEAGUE, Paul W (0239) 1stMarDiv to MCRD PI FFT MATTHEWS, William C (6761) 2dMAW to MCRD PI FFT MORGAN JR, Francis (0141) MARTD to S Weymouth to 2dMarDiv MORRIS, Donald F (2311) MCB 29 PI to 1stMarDiv NORMAN, Donald D (3516) 1stMAW to MCRD SD NORRIS JR, Marvelous (3311) MCB CamLej to MCRD PI OSMUS, Karl F (4111) FMFPac to MCRD SD PFIEL, John C (2171) MCRD SD to 1stMarDiv PHILLIPS, Alan F (3049) 1stMAW to MCRD SD POULSON JR, Carl "R" (2529) 5th105mmHowBtry to ForTrps 29 Palms POULSON, Raymond S (6413) 2dMAW to 1stMAW REINHOLD JR, Edward J (6412) AirFMFPac to MB WashDC RYAN, Ruth (3049) MCS Quant to 6thMCRRD SAWKA, Casimer (3071) 1stMAW to 2dMAW SCHLEGENHAUSER, Henry J (3049) MCB Willow Grove to 2dMarDiv SIMMONS, Robert E (3049) 6thMCRRD to 2dMarDiv SULLIVAN, Robert P (3051) MCSC Albany to MCB CamLej THOMPSON, John W (1833) 1stMarDiv to MCRD PI FFT VANDERSON, Edward C (0141) MCS Quant to 1stMAW VAN NOY, Charles A (0141) 7thEngCo to 1stMarDiv WALTERS, Andrew J (0369) 8thMCRRD to 1stMarDiv WILKINSON, Earl B (1841) 2dOrdPlmto to ForTrps CamLej WRIGHT, Clyde A (3111) MCB 29 Palms to MCAS K-Bar

YESLINEK, John P (3371) 2dMarDiv to MCS Quant YORK, Frederick A (3049) MCSC Albany to HQMC

E6

ANNESE, Robert G (1861) MCSA Phila to ForTrps CamLej ARMSTRONG, John A (1371) 1stMarDiv to Camp Butler BABCOCK, Gerald L (0431) 2dMarDiv to 1stMAW BALZER, Robert D (3049) FMFLant to MCS Quant BANGE, Homer P (1371) 2dMarDiv to MCS Quant BARRON, Robert D (0141) 3dMarDiv to MCRD PI BAUGH, Raymond L (3371) 2dMarDiv to MCB CamLej BAUER, Irvin (3311) MCRD PI to BLAINE, Irvin (3311) MCRD PI to BLACKNEY, Melvin L (3049) MB SFran to MCAAS Yuma



"Will you guys knock it off! I got thirty-seven cakes in the oven!"

Leatherneck Magazine

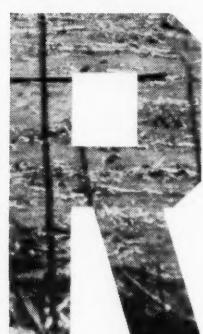
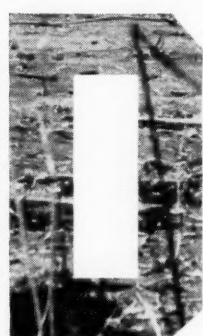
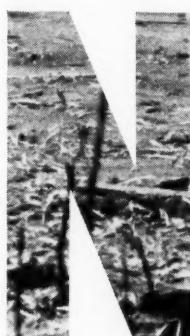
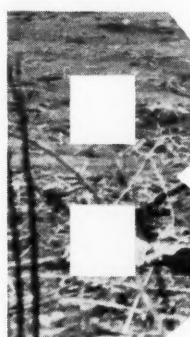
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JOHNSON JR, James R (0811) 1stMarDiv to MCB CamPen FFT
JOHNSON, Robert A (0369) MCB CamPen to 9th MCRD
JOHNSON, Gordon (3051) MCB CamLej to MCSC Albany
JONES, Leon H (3371) FMFPac to 3dMarDiv
KITCHEN, Ray G (2111) 1stMarDiv to MCRD SD
KINEMANN, Charles F (2111) MCS Quant to 2dMarDiv
KULKA, Frank L (3516) MCB CamLej to 1stMarDiv
LAMB, Robert A (0141) MCAS Eitoro
MCRD PI
LEBEL, Vincent P (3061) 1stMAW to FMFLant
LEKITES, Horace D (0141) MARTD Bklyn to ForTrps CamLej
LEPCZYK, Michael P (3537) 3dMarDiv to MCB CamLej
LEPKLER, Winford (2111) 2dMarDiv to MCS Quant
LOWERY, Wesley H (3371) FMFLant to MCRD PI
LOWTHER, Robert C (3516) 1stMAW to MCSC Barstow
LUDO, Edward (3371) 2dMarDiv to MAD Mfs
MANGRUM JR, Sie (0369) MCB CamLej to 28thRIFCo
MARS, Amos G (1371) FMFLant to MCSC Albany
MARTIN, Margaret M (0141) MCRD PI to MCAS CherPt
MARTINEZ, Uvaldo (0369) FMFPac to MCCWTC Bridgeport
MC BRIDE, George R (1371) 2dMarDiv to MCSC Albany
MC EWEN, Robert G (4312) 1stMAW to MCSC Albany
MC INNES, John M (4111) 3dMAW to FMFPac
MC LAUGHLIN, William J (0141) HQ-MC to 1stMAW
MOORE, George T (3121) MCSC Barstow to 1stMAW
MONIN, Marino J (6511) MAD Jax to MCAS CherPt
MORRIS, William L (3516) FMFLant to 3d155mmHowBtry
MORRISON, John D (3051) MCSC Albany to MCB CamLej
MORSE, Frederick J (1169) FMFPac to MCSC Barstow
MURPHY, Raynell J (0848) 2dMarDiv to ForTrps 29 Palms
NAPPER, Odas T (3516) 3dMAW to 3dMarDiv
NINE, Raymond H (3371) MCRD PI to ForTrps CamLej
OSEE, Arthur W (3371) FMFLant to MCRD PI
OBRIEN, Phillip (3371) 2dMarDiv to MCAS New River
O'CONNOR, Harold P (3049) MCS Quant to MCB CamLej
PAPE, William (4611) NCAAS Beaufort 1stMAW
PERRY, John E (0141) HQMC to 1stMAW
PIERCE, Robert (3516) MCB CamLej to 2dMarDiv
PISSELL, George F (3051) MCB CamPen to MCSC Barstow
PRINCE, John R (6511) MAD Jax to MCAS CherPt
RAINS, Arvel H (4111) HQMC to 3dMarDiv
REED, Ovie (3537) MCSC Barstow to 3dMarDiv
RICHARDS, Clarence E (2311) 2dMarDiv to MCRD PI
RICHARDSON III, Ellis C (1349) MC-SC Albany to 2dMarDiv
RODAMER, Clifford A (1811) MCRD SD to MCB CamPen
SCHEFFER, Russell L (3537) LFTU-Lant to MAG-26
SCOTT, John C (3421) 1stMCRD to 1stMAW
SEIFERT, Clarence E (6411) MARTC Glen to 2dMarDiv
SIEKOSKY, Ernest L (1371) MAD PI to 2dMarDiv
SKORUPA, Edward (0811) 1stMarDiv to MCB CamPen FFT
SMITH, Douglas F (1419) Camp Butler to MCRD SD
SMITHSON, Max C (0231) 1stMAW to 2dMarDiv
SMURDIN, James B (3071) MCS Quant to HQMC
SOUTH, Ernest E (0369) FMFLant to MB Bklyn
SOWERS, Donald L (6611) MAD Mfs to 3dMAW
SPICER, Archie J (3049) 2dMarDiv to MB PaxRiv
STANLEY, Raymond J (3311) MAD Mfs to MCAS CherPt
STAUSS, Gilbert R (0369) NCAAS Beaufort MB Argentina
STOKES, Clarence W (0349) 3dMarDiv to MCSC Albany
STROUD, Charles (0141) 12thMCRD to MCAAS Yuma
TATE, Billy G (0141) MCS Quant to MCB CamPen FFT
TOBIA, John A (3516) 3d155mmHow-
TURNER, Evan C (4611) VMO-6 to 3dMAW
ULSH, Ammon J (1371) 2dMarDiv to MCS Quant
UMSTEAD, Hoyt R (3049) 2dMarDiv to MB Gtmo
WALLACE, William (0369) HQMC to MCB CamPen FFT
WEBB, George F (4312) 3dMarDiv to 3dMAW
WEISS, Arthur G (1539) MCS Quant to 3dMarDiv
WELCH, Joseph H (1371) 9thMCRD to ForTrps CamLej
WESCHOTT, Ivan L (2111) 1stMarDiv to MCRD SD

WHALEY, Ira F (3371) FMFLant to 3dMarDiv
WILLIAMS, Alvin L (0369) MCS Quant to MB WashDC
WILLIAMS, John K (2529) 1stMarDiv to 4thBnHowBtry
WILSON JR, Leroy L (1833) MCS Quant to ForTrps CamLej
WITT, Curtis (3121) MAG-32 to 1stMAW
WOODWARD JR, Henry L (0141) 7thInfBn to VMO-6

E5

ADAMS, Henry M (0141) 1stMarDiv to 3dInfBn
ADKINS JR, George (0121) 83dRIFCo to 2dMAW
AGAPO, Liborio N (0141) MARPAC to LFTUPac
AKERS, George W (3041) MCRD SD to 3dMAW
ALLEN, Wayne E (3531) MCRC PI to 2dMarDiv
ANDACHIK, Andrew L (1391) 1stMAW to 1stMarDiv
ANTHONY, Kenneth L (3071) 1stMAW to MCAS Yuma
ARENTO JR, Fred W (1371) FMFLant to MCS Quant
AYLWARD, George F (1371) FMFLant to MCRD PI FFT
BALLINGER, Chester D (3561) MCS Quant to ForTrps CamLej
BARBER, Jesse R (3211) MCSC SFran to 3dMarDiv
BARDON, John C (6614) MAD Mfs to MRCO Glen
BARNES, Delmer (3041) 1stMAW to 3dMAW
BARNETT, James R (4312) MCAS Eitoro to MCB 29 Palms
BEARNES, Kendell L (6413) 2dMAW to MAD Jax
BEAUDOIN JR, Harry (1345) 2dMarDiv to MCSC Albany
BECK, Billy R (3537) MCS Quant to 3dMarDiv
BLACK, Ralph E (0141) FMFLant to 2dMAW
BOOGS JR, Harry W (1811) 1stMarDiv to MCB BarPt
BOWEN, Donald C (3041) MCSC Albany to MB Chasn
BOWEN, Wayne L (3049) MCRD SD to MARPD LBeach
BRONSON, William L (1341) MCSC Albany to ForTrps CamLej
BRUMBAUGH, Paul R (3516) 2dMarDiv to MCS Quant
BUCKNER, Irvin E (3041) MB Trinidad to MCB Albany
BUSZKA, William A (3516) MCS Quant to MACS-7
CANNON, James E (3516) MCSC Barstow to 1stMarDiv
CAUDLER, Lacy S (1371) FMFLant to 2dMAW
CHAFFIN, James E (3371) 2dMarDiv to MCS Quant
CHAREST JR, Alfred (3537) 2dMarDiv to MCAS CherPt
CLARK, Charles V (3421) MCB CamLej to HQMC
CONLEY, Glen C (3041) 1stMarDiv to MCRC Seattle
COOLEY, Leonard S (3051) MB Pearl to MCB 29 Palms
COPEPEN, Bryan H (0811) 1stMarDiv to MCB CamPen FFT
COPEPEN, Virgil G (6661) MAD Mfs to MCAS Eitoro FFT
CORRIGAN, James M (0141) 1stMarDiv to 7thInfBn
CRAMER JR, John H (3371) 1stMarDiv to MB Suble Bay
CRAWFORD, Joseph M (1833) FMFLant to 81stRIFCo
DAUGHERTY, Gerald B (3111) MCSC Albany to 1stMAW
DAVIES, Frank W (0141) MCS Quant to ForTrps CamLej
DAVIS, Muriel (0141) MSC Quant to MRCO Glen
DAVIS, Richard B (5534) 1stMAW to MCB 29 Palms
DAWSON, Lloyd E (0141) FMFLant to 81stRIFCo
DE BARGE, Donald A (0141) 3dInfBn to ForTrps CamLej
DERRAH, Phillip T (3371) 2dMarDiv to MAD Mfs
DIXON, William J (6413) MARTD Gros-He to MCAS Eitoro FFT
DOUGHERTY, James F (3087) 3dMarDiv to 2dMAW
DRISCOLL, Jimmie L (3371) FMFLant to MCAS CherPt
ELDRIDGE, William A (3041) 2dATCo to FMFLant
ESCHLER, Leonard E (0369) 1stMarDiv to MCRD PI FFT
EUBANK, LeRoy E (6761) 2dMAW to AirFMFLant
FEDOR JR, John A (1371) FMFLant to MCS Quant
FELDERMAN, Keith L (0121) MCRD PI to ForTrps CamLej
FERRIERA JR, Manuel (0141) 82dRIFCo to ForTrps 29 Palms
FINDLEY, Vincent S (3531) 2dMarDiv to MCS Quant
FISH, George F (1861) 3dMarDiv to MCSC Albany
FISHER, William J (3537) MCS Quant to 2dMAW
FLEISHER, Richard J (0231) 1stMAW to MAG-26
FORREST, George G (2761) 1stMarDiv to 1stMAW
FOSTER, Leon H (6614) MAD Mfs to 3dMAW



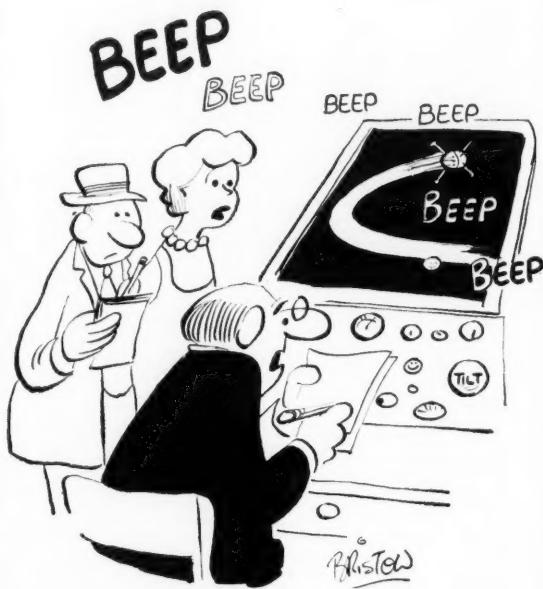
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TRANSFERS (cont.)

FREEDMAN, Jerome A (0811) 1stMarDiv to MCB CampPen FFT
GALLIS, Steve A (3371) MCB CampPen to MCCWTC Bridgeport
GARBER, Elton W (0141) MCB CampPen to 12thRRC
GARONER, Kenneth G (3071) 1stMAW to MAG-26
GILBERT, William S (0141) FMFLant to 57thRRC
GOOLSBY, Fenton W (3516) MCSC Albany to 1stMAW
GRANT, Lamar F (3371) FMFLant to MCRD PI
GRAY, Hayward W (0141) 1stMCRD to 2dMAW
GREEN, James C (0369) 1stMarDiv to MCRD PI FFT
HAGEN, Virgil D (3531) MB BarPt to 2dMarDiv
HAGER, Robert D (3049) FMFLant to MCS Quant
HAMILTON, Clarence L (0141) MCS Quant to MAD Ms
HAMM, Marvin L (3071) 1stMAW to 2dMAW
HAMMOND, Joseph Q (3011) 1stMAW to MCSC Albany
HANDLEY, Richard J (0161) MCRD PI to 3dMarDiv
HARRIS, Nathaniel E (1371) 2dMarDiv to MCS Quant
HARVEY, Alfonso (1371) MCS Quant to ForTrps CamLej
HARVEY, Osborne C (1841) MCSC Phila to ForTrps CamLej
HAUKAAS, Everett W (0141) FMFPac to 82dRRC
HAWKINS, JR, John S (0141) MARTD to 1stMAW
HEARD, Jewel M (4621) 2dMarDiv to 3dMarDiv
HEDICAN, Donald R (0141) Dept of P to ForTrps 29 Palms
HENSLY, Franklin D (6613) 2dMAW to MAD Ms
HERING, Everett R (3049) MCSC Albany to 8thMCRD
HICKS, William R (2311) FMFLant to MCRD PI
HINKLEY, James A (0141) MARTD Jax to 2dMarDiv
HODGE, Arthur D (3049) MCSC Albany to ForTrps CamLej
HULL, Ervin L (0141) 5thMCRD to 2dMarDiv
HUMPHREY, Carl H (0369) MCB CamLej to HQMC
HUNTER JR, Lester (3061) 1stMarDiv to HQMC
HUNTERSON, Warren D (0141) MCSC Albany to MARTD NorVa
HUTCHINSON, Harold L (3041) 12thMCRD to MCRD SD
JACOBSEN, Milton R (1371) Camp Butler to 1stMarDiv
JAMES, Larry E (4312) FMFPac to 9thMCRD
JOHNSON, Jesse E (3311) FMFLant to MCRD PI
JONES, John F (3071) 1stMAW to 2dMAW
JONES, William T (6614) 3dMAW to MAD Ms
KEE, Gerald D (0141) FMFLant to 12thMCRD
KELLEY, George D (0141) MCS Quant to 83dRRC
KUZAN, Joseph S (0141) MCB CampLej to MAD Ms
LAKES, Vernon E (2111) 2dMarDiv to HQMC
LAVERNE, William J (3041) 9thMCRD to 3dMAW
LEATHERS, James P (0848) 2dMarDiv to ForTrps 29 Palms
LENNIE, George A (3011) to 12thMCRD to 3dMAW
LEONOWSKI, Eugene S (0141) 1stMarDiv to ForTrps CamLej
LEWIS, Robert E (0141) 12thMCRD to 1stMarDiv
LOUGH, Ellsworth C (6613) MAG-32 to MAD Ms
LOVE, "L" "E" (6112) MARTD Glen to MAD Ms
LUBIN, Donald J (3311) MCB CampPen to HQMC
MACDONALD, Frank (0369) 2dMarDiv to HQMC
MACKEY, SR, Cleo F (3516) MCSC Barstow to 3dMarDiv
MAGILL, Harold E (0141) FMFLant to MARTD So Weymouth
MAGEE, Martin D (0141) MARTD Grossie Ile to MCRD PI
MASON, Dezman L (1841) MCSC Albany to ForTrps CamLej
MATT, Edward J (0141) MCAS Beauport to 1stMarDiv
MC MILLAN, WILLIAM (3371) MCS Quant to ForTrps CamLej
MC NEILL, Linwood H (3211) 2dMAW to 3dMarDiv
MERCHANT, Donald H (0141) 12thRRC to MCS Quant
MC MEEHAN, William H (3516) MCSC Barstow to 1stMarDiv
MILLER, Frankie D (3041) 1stMAW to MACS-7
MOISAN, John J (3111) 1stMAW to MCSC Barstow
MONROE, Robert C (0141) 88thRRC to 1stMarDiv
MONTGOMERY, William A (6113) 2dMAW to 1stMAW
MORE JR, William T (1371) MCS Quant to 2dMarDiv
MOORE, Willie E (1861) MCSC Albany to 1stMarDiv
MORRIS, Arnold L (1841) 2d MarDiv to MCS Quant
MORROW, Jim Arthur E (1371) 2dMarDiv to MCRD PI
MORROW, Henry (3036) 1stMAW to ForTrps 29 Palms
MOYER, Robert B (2111) FMFLant to MCS Quant
MUELLER, Jesse G (0141) MARTD NorVa to 2dMarDiv
NATTA, JR, Frank (2311) 2dMarDiv to MCRD PI
NICHOLS, Willie D (1345) 2d MAW to ForTrps CamLej
NOLAND, Clarence R (1841) FMFLant to MCS Quant
OLMSTEAD, Elmer R (1371) 2dMarDiv to HQMC
OSMOND, Jay P (4029) MCB CamLej to HQMC
OWENS, Calvin E (3531) MCS Quant to ForTrps CamLej
PEEK, Lee R (1841) FMFLant to MCS Quant
PETRISH, Billy J (6142) MARTD Del to 3dMAW
PHILLIPS, Marvin T (3049) MCRD PI to MCRS Del
PIJUAN, Jose A (0141) 2dMarDiv to MAD Ms
PODSCIAK, Henry N (2311) MCSC CampPen to MCB 29 Palms
POLASTRE, William A (0141) FMFLant to MARTD Glen
PRITCHARD, Edward J (0121) MCB CampPen to 3dMarDiv
PROVENCIO, Ramon (0141) 8thMCRD to ForTrps 29 Palms
PUCKETT, James D (0161) MCAAS Brantford to 2dMarDiv
PULLICINO, Harold E (3371) 2dMarDiv to 1stMAW
RAMSEY, Duran L (3371) MAD Ms to 2dMarDiv
RASCOE, Willie L (3371) MCS Quant to ForTrps CamLej
RABURN, Bob G (3371) 2dMarDiv to MCS Quant
REED, Leo (3531) MCRD PI to 3dMarDiv
ROBERTS, Dewey L (6113) 2dMAW to MAD Ms
SCOTT, James E (3051) 1stMAW to MCB CampPen
SEAY, William B (0309) 1stMAW to 2dMAW
SEWARD, Vincent E (3371) 2dMarDiv to MCS Quant
SHAPARD, John M (1371) Camp Butler to 1stMAW
SHELLEY, Larry H (0369) 3dMarDiv to MAD Ms
SHIRLEY, Louis "C" (1371) MCRD PI to 2dMarDiv
SILVANS, Laird (3331) MCS Quant to 2dMarDiv
SLATE, James C (3049) 1stMAW to 2dMarDiv
SMITH, Frank E (6611) 2dMAW to MAD Ms
SMITH, James C (0141) 8thRRC to MCS Quant
SMITH, Welborne (3516) 4thTrkCo to 2dMarDiv
STANLEY, Kenneth C (3031) 1stMAW to MCAAS Yuma
STANTON, Leroy E (6181) MB Ports-mouth to MD USS Boxer
STELLY, Lawrence (0811) HQMC to ForTrps 29 Palms
STEPHENS, Eston O (0141) FMFPac to 2dMarDiv
STONEY, Albert S (3361) 1stMarDiv to MCRD SD FFT
STRONG, Richard E (3371) AirFMFPac to MAD Ms
TAGGART, Harry S (3371) MCRD SD to HQMC
TALLMON, Harvey E (0141) FMFLant to 1stEngrCo
TAYLOR, Alton A (3011) MCAS Cherpt to MCS Quant
TESSICINI, Albert (3531) 1stMarDiv to MCRD PI FFT
TEWS, Stanley R (1371) 2dMarDiv to HQMC
TOOMEY, Edward A (2511) 1stMarDiv to MCRD PI FFT
TORRES, George G (3211) MCSC Barstow to 12thMCRD
TUCKER, James M (3041) 3d75mmAAA-Artillery to 1stMarDiv
TURNER, William R (1371) MAG-26 to ForTrps CamLej
TYSER JR, Robert (3041) FMFLant to MCS Quant
VAN VESSEN, Lillian G (3011) 6thMCRD to MCS Quant
VARNOLINE, William E (3036) MCB CampPen to MCB 29 Palms
WALSH, Robert C (3531) 3dMarDiv to MCRD PI FFT
WAUGH, Herbert W (3041) 1stMarDiv to MCRS SFran
WEBB, James L (0141) MCS Quant to 8thRRC
WEDDLE, Robert O (0369) LFTULant to ForTrps CamLej
WHEPLEY, Patrick H (3371) MCB CampPen to MCCWTC Bridgeport
WIDEL, James O (0431) FMFPac to HQMC
WIERZBICKI, Stanley W (1371) MCS Quant to ForTrps CamLej
WILLMON, Henry F (0141) Dept of Pac to ForTrps 29 Palms
WORSTER, Merrill H (3371) MCSC Barstow to 1stMAW
YANAC, John (3371) 1stMAW to MCCWTC Bridgeport
YARNALL, William H (3531) 2dMAW to HQMC
YOUNG JR, John L (0141) MCRD PI to 2dMarDiv
ZELASKO, William N (0141) MAD Jax to HQMC
ZOROMSKI, Edward H (3085) MCB CampPen to MCCWTC Bridgeport

END

REUNIONS

[continued from page 21]

Summer night, present-day Marines staged the always throat-lumping evening parade. Combined with the earlier combat demonstrations, the parade left one definite impression on the old-timers: today's new breed is as sharp in the field and on the grinder as yesterday's old breed.

The next afternoon, the associations attended another united function, memorial services at the Marine Memorial in Arlington. All the guest speaker quotes in the universe couldn't describe the services half as well as the expression on the faces of the men. This was also remembering, but not the jovial, hearty type found back at the hotels. This was the remembrance of a former buddy's name . . . because that is all there is left, just the name and the memory.

Saturday, June 25th, was banquet night, the reunion's social highlight. Actually, there were two banquets. The First, Second, Third and Fifth—with invited Sixth guests—table-hopped in the ballroom of one of Washington's largest hotels, while the Fourth dined independently across the street.

Flanked by enough generals to reactivate all the divisions, the Corps' Commandant, General David M. Shoup, delivered the main address. His speech was short and to the point, closing with:

"We shall hope for peace but be ready for strife. Let us all work hard and pray that in times of trial and danger in the future, the American people will get the same satisfaction they have in the past when again they hear the words: 'The Marines have landed!'"

General Carlos P. Romulo, now the Philippine ambassador, spoke at the Fourth Division's banquet. Fresh from the tour which carried President Eisenhower through the Philippines, the ambassador spoke of the present Pacific situation, pointing out that:

"It was a moving spectacle to see three million of my fellow countrymen anxious to show their faith in the United States because they saw in President Eisenhower the image of America . . . it was their way of telling the world that its (the Philippines) faith in America is whole and unimpaired."

The banquets were the climax. The next day, shaking cobwebs out of their heads to make room for more memories, the Marines and former Marines headed home. Many of them had traveled across-country. At least two had flown in from overseas. Major W.

Newly elected association presidents and first vice presidents are listed below:

FIRST MARINE DIVISION ASSOCIATION

President: Lieutenant General Lewis B. Puller, USMC, (Retd), of Saluda, Va.
Vice President: Lieutenant Colonel John T. Hill, USMC, Hq. Bn., HQMC

SECOND MARINE DIVISION ASSOCIATION

President: Robert W. Meggelin, Pleasant Hill, Calif.
Vice President: Colonel John E. Rentsch, USMC, Norfolk

THIRD MARINE DIVISION ASSOCIATION

President: Tom Stowe, Alexandria, Va.
Vice President: Douglas McKenzie, Fair Lawn, N. J.

FOURTH MARINE DIVISION ASSOCIATION

President: Lieutenant Colonel Vaughan H. Huse, USMCR, Annapolis, Md.
Vice President: Brigadier General John R. Lanigan, USMC, (Retd), of Washington, D. C.

FIFTH MARINE DIVISION ASSOCIATION

President: George W. McNicol, Chicago, Ill.
Vice President: Howard Olson, Lamont, Ill.

Although the Sixth Marine Division does not have an association, it was represented by former Commandant and Division CG, General Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., USMC, (Retd).

F. Martin-Clemens, former Defense Secretary of Cyprus, traveled from England to revisit the men of the First who served with him on the 'Canal. At that time, he was in the British Colonial service and had taken to the hills when the enemy overran the island. His radio messages before the landings—and his continued intelligence work after the invasion—helped secure Guadalcanal. Navy Commander Paul Bradley, a chaplain, came to Washington from his present post in Cuba. Purpose: to meet again the men of the Fifth Division. Back in 1945, he climbed Suribachi with the Twenty-eighth Regiment.

Next year, the reunions will once again be scattered throughout the country. Plans are already under way, as the members of the First Division Association can testify. Their newly elected president, one Lewis B. "Chesty" Puller, has warned:

"Next year, you'd better bring your boondockers . . . we're having a short parade to separate the men from the boys."

END



Photo by SSgt Russell Savatt
James Swan and many others treated a common ill: reunionitis



Mary Moore

BULLETIN BOARD

Compiled by AMSgt Francis J. Kulluson

BULLETIN BOARD is *Leatherneck's* interpretation of information released by Headquarters Marine Corps and other sources. Items on these pages are not to be considered official.

Enlisted Acting Rank Titles Won't Be Dropped Immediately

Acting rank titles will be retained for an indefinite period during the transition from the old enlisted rank structure to the new, Headquarters Marine Corps recently announced.

The HQMC statement was issued to correct erroneous reports implying early termination of the acting titles.

No dates have been set for dropping any of the acting ranks, Headquarters emphasized.

According to present Marine Corps plans, termination of acting ranks will occur only when Marines holding such rank have had an ample opportunity for promotion. Due to more rapid turnover, the

lower ranks will reach this point before the senior ranks.

Consequently, termination of acting ranks will be phased beginning with grade-E-3, when a substantial majority of personnel in that grade hold the new rank title of lance corporal and the remainder have had an adequate opportunity for promotion to the next higher grade. Similar criteria will govern the phasing out of acting titles in other grades.

No estimate is now available as to when the E-3 acting rank will be dropped, or when the phased transition to the new rank structure will be completed.

GI Term Insurance Policyholders Are Urged To Convert To A Permanent Type Policy

More than three million veterans in the United States should give careful study to their GI insurance holdings, according to Sumner G. Whittier, Administrator of Veterans Affairs.

These three million veterans still hold GI term insurance, Mr. Whittier said, a type of insurance that plays a definite role for a young growing family but may become prohibitively expensive for the veteran near retirement age.

This is one of the biggest problems now facing the VA, Mr. Whittier pointed out, using as an example a recent letter from a World War I veteran to emphasize the importance of the situation.

"Feel free to use my present plight to warn other term insurance holders," the veteran wrote. "I find myself nearing 70, unable to continue my term insurance payments at their greatly increased rate and unable to obtain new insurance coverage. If I die, my wife has nothing; yet over the years we have invested more than \$8,000 in this form of insurance."

More than 16,000 World War I veterans still hold U. S. Government Life Insurance policies which originated in the first World War. More than

312,000 World War I veterans have converted their term policies.

National Service Life Insurance, originated in World War II, is held by about 5,307,000 veterans in policies with the face value of nearly \$35 billion. Of these younger veterans, some 2,191,000 have converted to permanent insurance, and 3,116,000 continue with term protection.

"Mounting costs can become prohibitive as the years go by," Mr. Whittier said. "For instance, a term G.I. insurance policy that carries an annual premium of \$9-a-thousand at age 35, jumps to an annual premium of \$47-a-thousand by age 65, and to \$73.16-a-thousand at age 70."

Administrator Whittier emphasized that the VA is not trying to tell individual veterans how to handle their insurance programs. "The individual program," he said, "depends on the circumstances of each veteran's financial situation, and his total insurance plans and program. We do believe each policyholder should review his G.I. insurance holdings periodically to be sure they meet his current and long-range needs."

1960 Photo Contest Plans Announced

The U. S. Army will host the upcoming 9th Inter-service Photography Contest and MCB, Camp Pendleton has been designated to conduct the All-Marine finals.

The inter-service finals will be held in Washington, December 5th. Camp Pendleton will conduct the All-Marine Corps competition on October 10, and 100 winning photos will be entered in the inter-

TURN PAGE

BULLETIN BOARD (cont.)

service finals.

Rules governing the 1960 photo contest are similar to those of previous years. Competition will be conducted in two categories: black and white single photographs (Group I), and color transparencies (Group II).

All Marine Corps commands will hold local level elimination contests to select photos for entry in the All-Marine finals. To be eligible for consideration

in the finals, entries must reach Camp Pendleton by October 8.

Each of the four services is authorized to submit up to 50 black and white and 50 color transparencies for entry in the inter-service finals.

Detailed information concerning the 1960 photo competition, including contest rules, was published in MCO 1710.15.

The inter-service photo competition is conducted every 18 months with a different service acting as host each time. The Marine Corps was host in 1959.

Disability Income Rider Is Available For GI Insurance Policyholders

Military personnel who hold NSLI or USGLI policies may attach a new type of total disability income provision to their policy by paying a small additional premium cost. This new provision will pay the policyholder \$10 per month for each \$1000



face amount of NSLI or USGLI policy if he becomes totally disabled before the age of 60. Previously, the maximum was \$5 per month.

A typical example would be a 40-year-old Marine with a \$10,000 NSLI term policy who would pay approximately \$1.60 per month for the new rider; if he becomes totally disabled before reaching the

age of 60, he would receive \$100 per month in policy benefits.

Active duty personnel, age 40 or under, are not required to submit to a physical examination in order to apply for this new provision. In lieu of the physical examination, the completion of parts 1 and 2 of VA form 9-1606a and a signed statement from an officer or noncommissioned officer competent to certify the facts included therein will suffice:

"I certify that the applicant is a member of the _____ (Military Organization). The applicant has been a member of this organization for _____ (years, months) and during such period has been able to perform his regular duties without substantial loss of time on account of illness or disability. (If not, give facts below)."

Although a physical examination is required of those whose age at their nearest birthday is 41 or more, VA pointed out that these policyholders may be examined by local physicians, provided VA medical form 9-1606 is used.

VA said that the premium cost of the rider varies according to the policyholder's age, type of policy, and face amount.

Personal Affairs Guide Is Now In Distribution

A new pamphlet designed to guide military personnel in arranging their personal affairs is being distributed to members of the Armed Forces.

The 24-page booklet, titled *Your Personal Affairs*, (DOD Pam 6-15), stresses the importance of having an up-to-date record of vital personal and family documents and papers, and letting other family members know its contents and location. The pamphlet contains a two-page personal affairs record form for individual servicemen to use.

It explains the purpose of a will, power of attorney, joint bank account, and safe deposit box, and points out that military legal assistance officers can advise and help military personnel in a wide range of personal matters.

The pamphlet covers briefly Federal and State

income taxes on military active duty and retired pay, government and commercial life insurance, Federal Housing Administration in-service and Veterans Administration "GI" insured home loans, military retirement, social security, Veterans Administration compensation and pensions, the Uniformed Services Contingency Option Act, and the Civil Relief Act of 1940.

It also gives details about military dependents' benefits, including medical care, survivors benefits provided by the Armed Forces, the Veterans Administration and the Social Security Administration, and advice on the steps parents should take to obtain the proper birth and citizenship papers for a child born overseas.

END

ROTA

[continued from page 43]

gallon). He'd possibly tell about the Post Chapel which serves both Catholic and Protestant faiths; the 500-seat air-conditioned theater which shows both movies and stage performances.

If he's on the ball, a sponsor might inform a newcomer of the differences between Spain's and our weights, methods of measuring distances and sizes. It wouldn't hurt a man to know, for instance, that the quickest way to convert kilometers to miles is to multiply the kilometers by 6 and divide by 10; 100 kilometers is 60 miles; 100 miles is roughly 168 kilometers. And it might save the new Marine embarrassment in a Spanish haberdashery to know that his hat size is 56 instead of six and seven-eights; his shoe size is 43 instead of 10. But it certainly won't please his wife to learn that, instead of her size 12 dress, in Spain she wears a size 42.

Perhaps, too, a conscientious sponsor might fill his pen-pal in on the number-one Spanish sporting attraction—bull-fighting. Each town has its Plaza de los Toros. But no amount of words can

describe the "moment of truth" which all movies stop just short of depicting. The Marine will have to decide for himself whether he is a real "afficionado" who can appreciate the infinite skill, courage, and almost-regal movements of the matador; or whether the ugly instant when the bloody, black brute coughs his last is the memory that will stay longest with him.

Too, the new man will be interested in mail, and his sponsor can tell him that regular (Air) mail takes about a week from the U.S.; but a package might take a month.

The best advice, though, for a newcomer is to learn what he can, beforehand, of the language. Spanish is regarded by many as one of the world's most beautiful tongues. It is, like all Romance Languages, considerably more formal than our own. Marines on duty must observe the lingual amenities even in time of crisis. Suppose, if you will, that you are on duty at Rota's Magazine Area and you see a shadowy figure dashing across the field to your front, inside the fence. You must, of course, yell, "Halt!" but you must also immediately follow it with "Alto quien vive," which means, "Halt if you wish to live."

The second phrase, analyzed word-for-word, is no less menacing than the

first, but it is, somehow, more leisurely and, thereby, more Spanish.

For the pace is less quick in Spain. The clocks run as fast as in our country—but they seem much slower. The frantic Stateside tempo must yield to the *siesta* when, throughout Spain, everything (except guard duty at Rota) comes to a complete standstill for two of the afternoon hours.

The man who thunders, "I want it done today," will soon understand that



there is, in Spain at least, a *mañana*—tomorrow.

The Marine lucky enough to be assigned duty in Rota may feel, at first, that there is much that Europeans can learn from us. At the end of three years, only the most hard-nosed will deny that it is actually the other way around.

END



In Reserve



Edited by
ASSgt Thurlow D. Ellis

"Boss Day"

Dallas' Marine Air Reserve Fighter Squadron 111 hosted 35 businessmen during an open house "Boss" day.

The visitors, civilian bosses of the squadron members, most of them from the local Dallas-Fort Worth area, traveled to the U. S. Naval Air Station open house to witness the vital roles their employees play as Ready Reservists in the national defense structure. Some bosses had to come from as far away as Shreveport, La.

Major James B. Armstrong, USMCR, served as guide throughout the program which was designed to familiarize the employers with the ever-present need of a strong and ready Reserve force.

Commencing the day's activities was a "coffee" at the officers' club where the employers were briefed by Maj Armstrong on functions of the Marine Air Reserve training program in the Dallas area.

After the coffee, the businessmen attended a pilot's briefing and witnessed a tactical launch of eight aircraft. The group then toured the squadron's workshops and offices before inspecting some of the aircraft.

After lunch, Colonel James R. Anderson, Officer-in-Charge, MAR training, briefed the group on the Reserve program's importance to national defense.

ISO, MARTD, MARTC
Dallas, Texas

TOI Winners

ASgt George J. Daven, Jr., representing Garden City's 1st Infantry Battalion, USMCR, was selected as top enlisted military instructor of the First Marine Corps Reserve and Recruitment District, which covers all of New England, New York and northeastern New Jersey.

The distinction came as a result of Daven's first place honors in the finals of the District's Technique of Instruction competition at Albany, N. Y.

Designed to promote better instruc-



PFC Dick Klages, USMCR, NAS, Los Alamitos, Calif., met Acting 1st Sergeant Dennis Hogarth (left) and Cpl Bill Birdsall (right) of the Ghost-Patrol, Ghost Town, Calif., at Custer's Co. "E" Headquarters

tion in Organized Marine Corps Reserve units, the competition consisted of eliminations at unit, region and district levels. It was open only to those Reservists below the rank of staff sergeant.

The overall caliber of the contestants was better than any previous

year," commented Captain R. A. Seymour, District Headquarters, who served as one of the judges. "Three presentations were excellent to outstanding. Deciding which of these three rated first place honors was a task in itself."

Final results of the District Tech-

ique of Instruction competition are as follows:

First place: ASgt Daven, who spoke on "Hand Grenades." His victory brings with it the distinction of being the first recipient of the Brigadier General Bernard S. Barron, USMCR, Trophy. The trophy is still in the design and production stage, but Daven will be presented a miniature trophy.

Second place: ACpl James J. Dakin, 70th Rifle Company, Hartford, Conn. His presentation on the "3.5 Rocket Launcher" won second place honors and award, which consisted of a Rolex Oyster Perpetual wristwatch.

Third place: Cpl Thomas A. Brennan, Jr., First Communications Company, Worcester, Mass., captured third slot honors which netted him a complete set of dress blues.

Fourth place: LCpl Robert C. Falcon, 52d Rifle Company, New Bedford, Mass., received a \$25 savings bond.

Fifth place: PFC Carl M. Bogdal, 2d Tank Battalion, Mattydale, N. Y., received a Marine Corps paperweight from the District Director.

Hq, 1st MCR&RD
Garden City, N. Y.

Summer Training

Annual Summer training got under way officially when three Reserve units arrived at the World's Largest Marine Corps Base, Twentynine Palms, Calif., to undergo the required two weeks training.

The 1st Light Anti-aircraft Missile



Official USMC Photo

First MCRRD Technique of Instruction contest finalists: ASgt G. Daven, Cpl T. Brennan, ACpl J. Dakin, PFC C. Bogdal, LCpl R. Falcon

Battalion played host to the 6th 75-mm. Anti-aircraft Battery from New Castle, Pa., and the 8th 75-mm. Anti-aircraft Battery from Great Falls, Mont. The units trained with the 75-mm. Anti-aircraft guns by participating in night firing problems, daytime firing at drone aerial targets and tracking drill with aircraft from the Marine Corps Air Station, El Toro, Santa Ana, Calif.

The 1st 155-mm. Howitzer Battery, 1st Field Artillery Group, hosted the 2d 155-mm. Howitzer Battery, Texarkana, Texas. The battery utilized their training period with firing exercises

which included a demonstration of illumination firing, coordinated illumination firing, hasty firing and a direct firing exercise with their host unit.

The cannoneers were the first Reserve units to train at the desert base this year. Several others are scheduled to undergo training at Twentynine Palms throughout the Summer.

ISO, MCB
Twentynine Palms, Calif.

Boston Paraders

"Boston's Own" 2d Infantry Battalion's 24-piece Drum and Bugle Corps paraded before an estimated 35,000 persons during a single day's participation in civic activities.

The unit first demonstrated its stuff when it paraded over a three-mile route at Dedham, Mass.

After a quick noon meal at Dedham's American Legion Hall, they boarded a bus at 1 p.m. for a trip to Waltham, Mass., where they were scheduled to participate in a 2 p.m. parade. After parading for four miles, the members of the Drum and Bugle Corps were the guests of the Kelley Detachment, Marine Corps League, Waltham.

After refreshments, the members still had the ambition to dance.

Members of the unit practice on their own time. During drill sessions, they train in their regular billet assignments. Musical instructions are held on Wednesday evenings and Sunday mornings. SSgt Leroy Berryman, Drum Major, and Captain A. J. Antczak, I-I and Drum Instructor, put the members through their paces.

Capt Arthur J. Antczak
2d Infantry Bn.
Boston, Mass.
END



Official USMC Photo

Col W. Gilliam presented DFC to parents of Lt James Dawson, who lost his life in a burning jet after steering it away from Long Island

Once a Marine...



EACH MONTH *Leatherneck* will publish the names of officer and enlisted personnel who are retired from the Marine Corps. Newsworthy items concerning retired personnel will also be published. Names of retired personnel are furnished by the Separation and Retirement Branch, HQMC, and are not to be considered as orders to retirement or transfer to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve.

Edited by LCpl Pete E. Schinkel



Official USMC Photo

Maj Gene C. Martin, OIC, USMC-RS, Denver, who is well known for his work in civic affairs, retired May 31 after 21 years of service

MAJOR Gene C. Martin, Officer-in-Charge of Marine Corps Recruiting for Colorado, Wyoming and parts of South Dakota and Nebraska, retired after completing 21 years of active Marine Corps service.

Maj Martin, a graduate of Culver Military Academy, Culver, Ind., enlisted in the Marine Corps in June, 1939. Since then, he has held every rank from private to major.

Two months before the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Martin returned to the United States from China, where he had served as a member of the American Embassy Guard at Peking. He participated in the first offensive campaign of World War II at Tulagi and Guadalcanal as a member of the famed "Edson Raiders" and saw action in the Korean conflict with the First Marine Division.

During his four years at Denver, Maj Martin received many awards and commendations for his work in civic affairs. They include the Colorado Veterans' of Foreign Wars Community Service Plaque and an "Outstanding Centennial Citizen" certificate presented by Governor Steve McNichols. For the past four years he directed the Marine Corps Flag Day Princess program conducted in a four-state area. In 1958, this project was awarded the George Washington Honor Medal by Freedom's Foundation of Valley Forge, Pa. Also, he served as District Chairman of Camp Fire Girls, Inc., for three years.

The end of his Marine Corps career was the beginning of another for Maj

Martin. He joined the staff of the Denver Hilton under their Management Training Program immediately after retiring.

Maj Martin will continue to reside in Denver with his wife, the former Miss Marguerite N. Money, and their daughter, Bonnie Del.

SSgt Edwin D. Brey
Marine Corps Recruiting Station
Denver, Colo.

Placed on Retired List (20 Years)

CHRISTOFFERSEN, Lee A. Lt Col
ROBERTSON, Arthur N. B. Lt Col
ROTTENBERG, Aaron M. Lt Col
BATEMAN, William E. Maj
BROCK, Willie W. Maj
MARTIN, Gene C. Maj
PARTAIN, Warren B. Maj
TROWBRIDGE, Clyde A. Maj
COLEMAN, Ernest E. Capt
PALMER, Wayne G. Capt
ROTE, Keith M. Capt
MILLICAN, Porter F. CWO-4
PEARSON, Howard W. CWO-4
DOWNING, Carl E. CWO-3
GAMBER, Michael CWO-3
HARPER, Joe E. CWO-2
LINDON, Jack N. CWO-2

BOWERS, Jasper L.	262353	2131	STEELE, Carlos P.	297286	4691
BRAATEN, Erling B.	280328	0141	STITH, James R.	299297	1539
BROWN, Guy J.	289745	3421	STRONG, Otis R.	268766	4029
BURGIN, William M.	286245	1461	SULLIVAN, Walter M.	249327	0141
CATTANY, Charles A.	301115	0239	TOMLINSON, Roy M.	165157	0141
CINKO JR Leo P.	261345	6502	TOLAR, Victor A.	299529	3344
CLEMONS, Aaron L.	283489	0141	WARRINGTON, Charles E.	284259	3049
COOK, Leonard E.	291842	7113	WEBB, Reddin	291917	1349
COPPOCK JR, Roy O.	293852	5581	WEIR, Charles E.	277637	3421
CROKER, Albert R.	286455	3211	WHEELER, Buford E.	301716	0141
DAVIS, Jack E.	286808	4312	WHITAKER, Harold W.	257795	6811
DEAN JR, James A.	301041	0811	WHITE, Raymond V.	302265	0141
EINEMAN, Ernest A.	281826	4131	WORKING, Nelson A.	301149	0111
FERGUSON, Alfred A.	301277	3421			
FITZGERALD, Frank S.	152576	3049			
FOWLER, Robert C.	290240	4312			
GAIDOSH, William	259790	6413			
GALLAGHER, Harold J.	279769	3049			
GARRISON, Smith J.	243468	3049			
GIBSON, Joe R.	302274	2645			
GOODLOW, John L.	279961	2161			
GREGORY, Kenneth M.	290809	2529			
HAGSTROM, Paul A.	282752	3349			
HARTLEY, Henry E.	242245	0141			
HAYS, William C.	302250	3071			
HEDGES, George S.	277684	0141			
HOGG, James F.	299060	0111			
HUMPHREY, Jack P.	285697	1169			
HUMPHREY, Thomas S.	278976	6412			
JOHNSON, Joe K.	257477	3061			
JOINER, John R.	261245	2171			
KEMPSSTER, James S.	291542	7113			
KERR, Robert H.	296515	0369			
KINDLER, Merly "D"	299590	3049			
KING, Bruce A.	289196	3049			
KING, George F.	278103	0121			
KOHL, Walter O.	267701	2191			
LANE, John A.	282618	0141			
LEAHAN, Jeremiah J.	278724	0369			
LONG, Benjamin F.	268689	1841			
MALINOUSKE, Walter J.	279499	3371			
MARION, Ore J.	283826	0369			
MARTIN, Jack H.	254761	0141			
MATTHEWS, Eugene R.	286274	4131			
MC CARTY, Daniel E.	249069	0369			
MC CAVILL, James J.	264602	3049			
MC DANIEL, Robert B.	301562	7113			
MC FALL, Francis D.	301375	3311			
MEYERS, John F.	296028	0141			
MICHAEL, Henry J.	300491	3371			
MIEZWA, Frank B.	302309	6412			
MOORE, Harry R.	284336	0369			
MORGAN, Charlie W.	254352	2111			
MORRELL, John "R"	272332	0369			
MUNHOFEN, Robert W.	284440	3516			
NORRIS, Cornelius G.	297267	7113			
PARKER, Lyman O.	243012	1169			
PEARSON, Carl D.	282187	1349			
PIZZO, John J.	302061	3121			
POWELL, Lewis E.	262106	6511			
RANDOLPH, Thomas R.	282398	4111			
RATLIFF, William R.	266086	0141			
RICHARDS JR, Sidney L.	295327	3371			
ROBBINS, Albert F.	283335	3361			
ROSE, William F.	297411	0441			
ST. CLAIR, Emerson	338706	2131			
SCHULTZ, Jerome M.	281481	6641			
SCHWITZER, David A.	297376	6413			
SEXSON, Vernon D.	264956	0141			
SIMON, Frederick H.	263630	3421			
SMITH, Gerald V.	266458	0369			
STANLEY, Herbert N.	284655	3051			

E6

E5

E7

E6

E5

E6

E5

E7

Placed on Regular Retired List (30 Years)

WRIGHT, Robert E.	224844	0398
BLAFOORT JR, Abraham	226714	5519
NIXON, Owen R.	227335	0141

Placed On Temporary Disability Retired List

DARTER, Harold L.	302246	3516
HUDNELL, Bill E.	273053	0369
LEWIS, Willie "C"	275270	0141
MACDONALD, Frank	283229	0369
NELSON JR, Jacob M.	328038	3516
PARYLAK, Michael	295964	0369
SCOFIELD, Benjamin F.	284628	0369

END

Transferred to Fleet Marine Corps Reserve

BAUER, Edward F. H.	268608	9999
JAMISON, Thomas V.	283541	9999
LUDWICK, Guy R.	301373	9999
RICE, Kenneth V.	271366	9999
ROMANO, Edward L.	291607	9999
WROBLEWSKI, Lewis C.	266904	9999

E9

BIDWELL, John D.	301426	6498
BLOCK, Francis C.	272055	0369
CARSON, William	190579	0398
CONKLIN, Fred A.	287270	0398
FLINN, Roy H.	301120	0398
GARVEY, Donald R.	301671	0398
GEORGE, Robert P.	283071	3098
GERENT, Edward	275204	1941
GILHAM, Kenneth M.	300682	0398
GREENLEE, George W.	277805	6498
KELLY JR, James S.	293737	3049
KENNEDY, William L.	301594	0398
LATTIMER, Robert B.	290670	0848
LEAK, Herbert J.	296209	2645
MC CANNON, Claude A.	289306	0398
MORGAN, James S.	296136	0398
PAIGE, Arthur E.	297480	0398
PATTERSON, Joseph W.	205437	0398
RADER, Edward J.	273163	0398
SHOEMAKER JR, Willie C.	294233	3098
SKAGGS, Virgil T.	270818	3537
TURNER, Harold L.	294788	3098
VOGENITZ, Harry L.	267546	0398
ZINNA, Daniel J.	292274	0398

E7

ADAMS, Herman C.	257430	3049
BARNES, Lynn C.	294729	6412
BEEN, William H.	301424	0111
BOCHE, Kenneth F.	266414	3537
BONKOWSKI, Thaddeus J.	278125	6412
BOURGAULT, Alfred K.	290331	4131



Leatherneck Magazine

NORFOLK

[continued from page 59]

When a truck is in perfect running order, however, it seems rather futile to tear it down and examine it. Does a healthy person get operated upon?

The Reservist mechs have, of course, a number of automotive mock-ups for training. There is, however, no training like getting grease elbow-high in an engine that is really sick.

So, because they have that nature-gifted, Corps-nurtured instinct for inventiveness, the auto maintenance crew has devised a way of keeping sick engines running over their hydraulic-lift operating tables. Voluntarily, the men donate a few dollars apiece and purchase a derelict car. They tear it down, repair, rebuild and, in effect, re-automobile. When they finish, they dispose of the car and get another. Training is their only profit.

Besides Capt Stewart and 1st Lt Addison, there are 48 enlisted men in the company.

The supply company musters 52 men and two officers, with Captain George Shields commanding. When wearing civilian clothes as uniform of the day, the captain is a physical education teacher at a nearby high school. About

his Reserve company, he says:

"We can't seem to get enough practical application in supply matters."

To augment—and perhaps break the monotony of—classroom lectures, the supplymen visit local civilian enterprises which have, essentially, the same task as the Marines. One such tour, arranged by the assistant I-I, Major Manuel Vieira, strolled through the new five-million-dollar Colonial Stores' warehouse. There, the Reservists witnessed warehousing and food preservation on a mammoth scale.

The Ordnance Maintenance Company is 3d Service's child away from home. Although not literally a satellite because its records are kept at battalion, the armorer outfit is located across the Elizabeth River, in Portsmouth. Specifically, it's housed at the Navy-Marine Corps Training Center, Scott Center, Norfolk Naval Shipyard, Portsmouth. It may be an involved address, but it's just a push of the gas pedal away for the 91 Portsmouthites who make up the company.

Like their automotive counterparts, the armorers spend about half of their time on practical application. They are continually tearing down, cleaning and rebuilding weapons, ranging from .22 caliber to 106-mm. And, if they feel they need additional gear, they tap Battalion.

Ordnance Maintenance is under the control of Captain Norman Wilcox, who is responsible to the battalion's CO,

Lieutenant Colonel Walter R. O'Quinn.

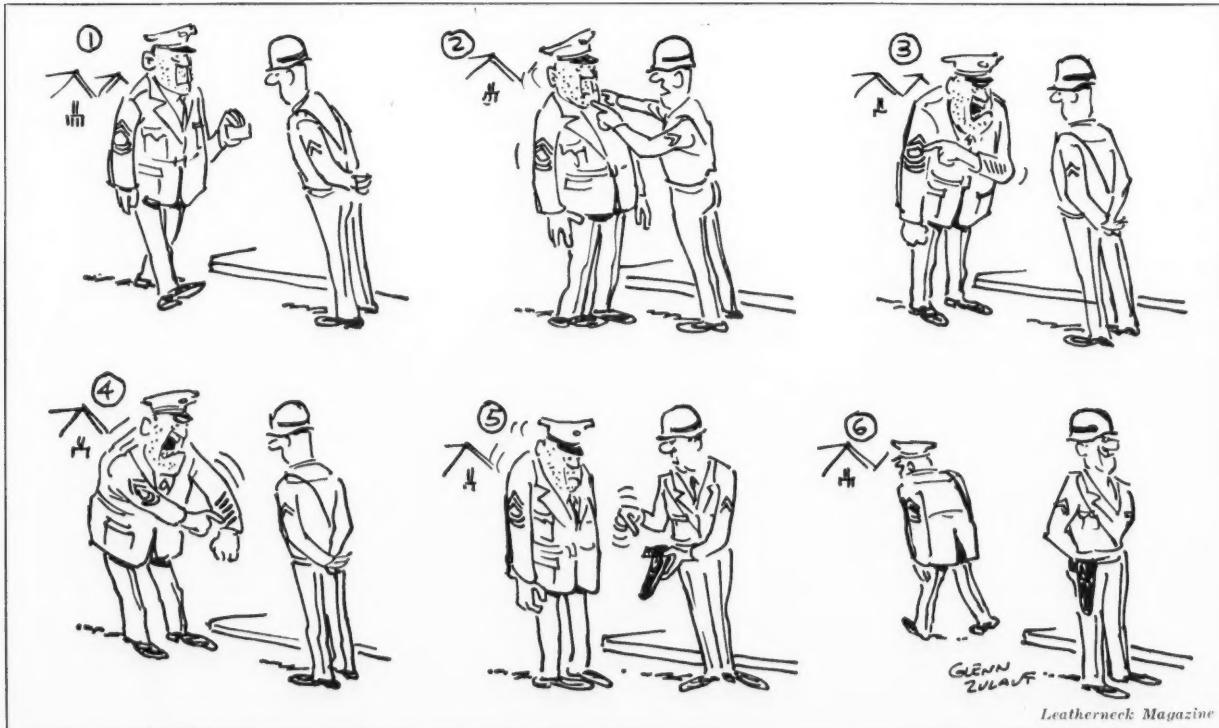
When he was in high school back in Georgia, Walter O'Quinn tackled sports with such Irish tenacity he was nicknamed "Pug," a tag he's borne since. Perhaps "borne" isn't the right word: "Pug" O'Quinn *likes* to be known as "Pug" O'Quinn. He claims, in fact, that none of his Corps associates would recognize the name Walter.

The colonel entered Mercer University, Macon, Ga., on a football scholarship and left with orders to report for officers' training. He was commissioned in 1941 and, shortly after, joined a convoy headed for Guadalcanal. Later on in the war, he also boated into the beaches of Bouganville and Guam . . . as part of the initial waves.

For a year in Korea, he served as, first, a motor transport battalion commander and then as division motor transport officer. He left active duty in 1954 and assumed command of the Reserve battalion last December.

LtCol O'Quinn's I-I partner for the past three years has been Lieutenant Colonel John R. Fields, a career supply officer. He first enlisted in the Corps in 1941 and was commissioned a year later. Among his billets since then has been a tour at HQMC, where he served on several Department of Defense-General Services Administration committees.

LtCol Fields is now at the Senior School at Quantico. His tour with 3d Service finished a few weeks ago, and



he was relieved by Lieutenant Colonel George Hazel, formerly of MCB, Camp Lejeune.

When LtCol Hazel first walked into the training center, he was undoubtedly met by the I-I sergeant-major, SgtMaj L. E. "Dan" Daley. This can be quite an experience.

One's first impression of SgtMaj Daley is "here's a Marine . . . the type who would stow away aboard ship if it were the only way he could get into combat." And, back in 1945, he did just that. He was, of course, reprimanded . . . but he made the Okinawa landings.

First enlisting in 1942, the sergeant major has had a career as colorful as a bagful of agates. He has been a drill instructor, and artilleryman, signal school instructor and an aviation sergeant major, among other things.

Perhaps he enjoyed drill instructing best, for he retained the bark. Yet, for all his bluntness ("You must want something if you're looking at me without permission!") he can't seem to control the chuckle which usually follows a verbal burst.

SgtMaj Daley's Reserve counterpart was also a drill instructor, in 1950, when he was called back to active duty.

AMSGt Arthur Somers tried his first military tour with the Navy, on a destroyer from 1942 to 1946. After his discharge, he decided to try a unit with a little less pitch and heave, so he joined the Marine Reserve in 1947.

He was activated in 1950 for two years, then, like most of the battalion Staff NCOs, again rejoined the Norfolk unit. When he isn't sergeant majoring, AMSGt Somers is a machinist at the shipyard.

Although neither sergeant major originated the game, there is a mild practical joke practiced at 3d Service. It's called "Meet the Adjutant," and is usually sprung on unsuspecting visitors. The rules are simple. You are visiting. You are invited to meet the adjutant. But first you'll hear how "tough" Maj Nehf is; strictly by the manual . . . tear you out good if you're not squared away . . . all business and bless the man who forgets it.

By the time you round the corner and run squarely into the adjutant's desk, you're apprehensively checking for Irish pennants and mentally reminding yourself to make that "Sir!" Caruso-style.

Then you meet Maj Nehf and a sudden minute of complete bewilderment envelops you. You strangle the "Sir!" It wouldn't be a proper term of address for a major whose first name is Ruth!

Major Ruth A. Nehf is one of five Women Reserve officers serving on staffs within the Reserve organization. She is the only lady in the Service Battalion . . . and she's at once a source of consternation to those who are prone to occasional vitriolic outbursts and a delight to those who like their working

companions to be charming, yet efficient.

After serving almost three years of active duty during World War II, the major switched to the Reserves and has been associated with them since. Being the only orchid in a field of cactus isn't new to her; she was on an infantry battalion's staff in Hawaii.

What unit Maj Nehf may next join depends upon her husband's next duty assignment. At present, Lieutenant Colonel A. N. Nehf is the Assistant G-3 for AirFMFLant at Norfolk. But, wherever she's assigned, the lady is sold on the Marine Reserve. For one thing, she says, "the weekend drills dovetail nicely with my household chores."

As adjutant, Maj Nehf is helping to unbend what seems to be the unit's single pretzel . . . the retraining of personnel.

Because of the recent switch in command designation, many of the Staff NCOs and officers are retraining in other fields. When the unit was a depot supply battalion, there were more than 80 MOSs in the unit. Today, there are three occupational fields.

Until the Reservists become completely self-sufficient, most of the I-I staff will continue to instruct or otherwise aid. But LtCol O'Quinn's goal is a unit so well trained he can put service teams (ordnance, automotive, etc.) on the road weekends "ready and qualified to assist other 5thMCR&RD units or local FMFLant organizations desiring such assistance."

END

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 14]

"A person retiring with pay under 10 U. S. Code 1331 must meet the age and service requirements (i.e., 60 years of age—20 years of satisfactory service). A person eligible for retired pay under 10 U. S. Code 1331 but for the fact that he is under 60 years of age may be retired without pay and subsequently eligible for pay upon attaining the age of 60."

"If an inactive enlisted Reservist is transferred to the Reserve Retired List because he is not physically qualified for retention in the service, he is not entitled to retirement pay unless he has 20 years of satisfactory service and is 60 years of age."—Ed.

CHINA SERVICE MEDAL

Dear Sir:

There is considerable perplexity

among the men of the Third Marine Division concerning the China Service Medal (Extended). The Navy and Marine Corps Awards Manual does not indicate a terminal date for the award of such medal.

This division participated in operation "Blue Star" on Taiwan during March, 1960. Are members of the divi-

sion who participated eligible for the award of the China Service Medal? If not, what was the terminated date of the award?

AGySgt H. B. Dewberry
Hq Co., 2d Bn., 5th Marines
3d Marine Division (Rein), FMF
% FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● The Secretary of the Navy established April 1, 1957, as the terminal

date for awarding the China Service Medal.—Ed.

MARINE CORPS HISTORY

Dear Sir:

I was reading my June issue of Leatherneck when I came across what I think is a mistake.

In the story about the U. S. Frigate



Constellation you said: "There was no Marine Corps in 1797. . . . If this is true, what took place at Tun Tavern in 1775?"

If I am wrong, would you please correct me?

Daniel Williams
3431 Michigan St.
St. Louis 18, Mo.

● The Continental Marines were or-
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 88)

MONSTER

[continued from page 47]

Whicker suddenly shouted, "Look . . ." He was pointing to the top of the palm tree nearest the nest.

"Stop this," the captain said irritably. "I have already noticed that the top of that tree has been broken off, probably in a storm."

"It wasn't broken off last night, Sir," Whicker protested. "Was it, Murph?"

Murphy's face was ashen and his hands trembled. "No, it sure as hell wasn't. Something followed us here, stole them rocks and flew off. Something pretty big, to be able to snap the top out of that tree."

Lt Piper said excitedly in the captain's ear, "Sir, we could go to where they found the rocks. Maybe the monster didn't like them being moved."

The captain stared at his exec in amazement.

"Well," the lieutenant said apologetically, "it would be kind of pleasant to have *something* happen on this island. Did you see how disappointed the men looked when Murphy admitted digging those tracks? We only have one ping-pong paddle and one movie, Captain, can't we have a monster for morale purposes?"

"Come with me," the captain snapped at Murphy and Whicker. He led them away from the silently watching men to where their conversation couldn't be heard. "Look, you two," he said angrily, "you started this business. The men want a monster and now, by damn, you're going to give them one. That

broken tree top has them half convinced, no matter what I say. Now, exactly what will we find when we go to where you found the white rocks?"

"Sir," Murphy said slowly, "I'm damned if I know."

"Good," the captain said. "You stick to that story. For the first time in almost a year the men have their minds on something besides themselves. Lead on."

As the procession moved down the beach, Lt Piper said admiringly to the captain, "Great actors, those two. They actually look scared to death at what they'll find. . . ."

"They'll have reason to be scared to death, if we don't find something. . . ."

The men of Kalo-bungmungmung followed happily, discussing their monster and not once did someone say, "If I don't get off this sandpile soon. . . ." Slocum stopped whistling "Sweet Georgia Brown." Lt Piper discovered he'd left the baseball glove back in the tent. Cpl Zawicky, for the first time in weeks, discovered he had no urge to flap his arms and gobble like a Vermont turkey.

Even Murphy and Whicker had cheered up, though for different reasons.

Murphy was thinking, "Whick, you clown, I got to give you credit, hauling those rocks all the way back where we got them, just to put one over on me. . . ."

And Whicker was thinking, "Murph, you rascal, I can see you lugging the rocks back, but how in hell did you break the top of that tree?"

They came to the neat circle of round, white stones, each roughly the size of a basketball. "The monster brought them back all right," Murphy said with a side wink at Whicker.

"There was six of them to start with, and there's six here again."

Whicker returned the wink. "Even a monster has the mother instinct, I guess."

Capt Magruder looked at the men. "Well," he said with satisfaction, "it looks as though we've got ourselves a monster, all right. . . ." Hoarse cheers of relief rose.

Lt Piper was on one knee, running his hands over the stones. "Peculiar," he muttered. "They even feel like eggs. And they're warm, like something's been. . . ." He shook his head and rose. His eyes saw the tracks leading from the rocks to the water's edge the same time as the captain's. "Look," he said excitedly, "here's where the monster went back into the ocean after bringing the eggs back."

"Damn," a man said wonderingly, "they look even bigger than the others."

"Not only bigger," the captain said, "these tracks have *four* toes." He scowled at Murphy and said under his breath, "Careless."

"Idiot," Murphy hissed at Whicker. "I told you last night, it's *my* monster and it only has *three* toes."

"You told me all right," Whicker whispered back. "So, why did you give these tracks an extra toe?"

"I didn't make these tracks."

"Neither did I."

They stared at each other.

"Okay, men," Capt Magruder announced, "I think we're all satisfied as to the validity of our monster. Let's get back to work. We'll set up some sort of informal monster watch. The egg area here is off limits from now on. We don't want to scare it off or make it mad; we've got to make our monster feel at home."

The men nodded soberly, filled with purpose at their new responsibility. Time would no longer pass on leaden feet.

Capt Magruder muttered to Lt Piper, "I hope word of *that* little speech doesn't reach the Commandant. I feel like enough of an idiot just going along with this gag."

"You've done a magnificent thing, Sir," the lieutenant said emotionally. "And I wish we could pin a medal on Murphy and Whicker." He knelt down and felt the rocks again. "Sir, have you touched these? It's amazing, but they feel just like. . . ."

"Enough, George," the captain said firmly. "The men have gone and there's no need to go on with this."

"Yessir," Lt Piper said reluctantly. "But they sure do *feel* like monster eggs."

Murphy and Whicker were beginning a violent argument which would continue for six weeks. "I didn't," Murphy said, "so you must have."

"We don't give up and throw our rifle away after the first time we miss the target, Private!"

Leatherneck Magazine

"You must have," Whicker insisted, "because I didn't."

* * *

At the end of the six weeks, the Marines of Kalo-bungmungmung were lining the rail of an L.C.I. as the rolling hills of the island slowly faded to starboard. They had not been forgotten; they were, in fact, headed for another island where, it was rumored, they would have to earn the right to remain.

"Good-bye, monster," someone called. "We never saw you, but we learned to love you."

"Hatch your eggs in peace," another advised, almost tearfully. "Farewell, Kalo-bungmungmung."

"You must have," Murphy was saying to Whicker, "because I didn't."

"For the last time, I didn't, I didn't, I didn't!"

Murphy gnawed his lower lip. "Okay, I'm sick and tired of arguing. If it wasn't me and it wasn't you, then who? Who moved those rocks back and made the tracks?"

"I wonder," Whicker said slowly, "could the captain have been out walking that night? Maybe seen us? Maybe . . ."

"Yeah," Murphy said, brightening, "he walked around a lot at night. He was an enlisted man once, so he's smart enough to have carried it off. . . ."

"He winked at me today as we boarded ship."

"He smiled at me this morning in chowline."

Whicker laughed softly. "What a guy. What chumps we've been."

Murphy wasn't listening. He held up a hand for silence and cocked his head. "Wait a minute. Did you hear anything? From the island?"

"Like what?" Whicker asked nervously. "I didn't hear anything."

"Listen a second." The two men cupped their ears and stared toward Kalo-bungmungmung, which was but a shadow now on the darkening horizon.

It came again. It might have been the wind, or the crash of breakers on the rocks. It was low-pitched, roaring, and the sound rose and fell across the waters. The unearthly noise reached a peak and it was abruptly more than a sound; it was a full-throated, triumphant, timeless cry of victory. And farewell.

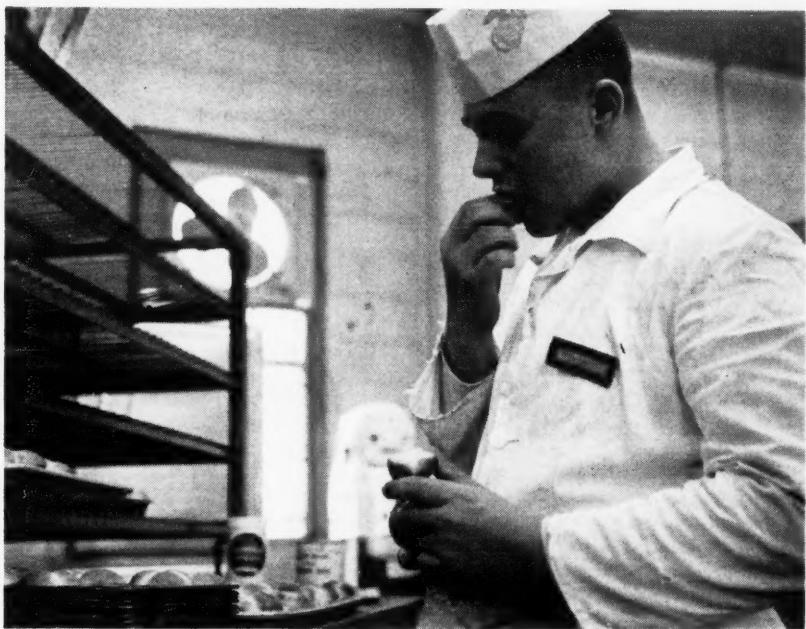
Murphy and Whicker stood wordless and thoughtful until the island had dropped below the horizon and darkening night.

"I guess," Murphy said finally, "I was wrong. I didn't hear anything."

"Nah," Whicker said, just as shakily. "I didn't hear it either."

Murphy cleared his throat. "Yeah," he said, "that Captain Magruder sure put one over on us. . . ."

END



Pvt David Snyder paraphrased an ancient saying by finding that the proof of a biscuit is in the eating. Taste tests are school-endorsed

GALLEY

[continued from page 55]

food business ever since and with the Lejeune school since 1956.

AMSGt Anderson is the lean-bodied, stern-visaged type you could picture stalking big game somewhere. His nonsense appearance has been seen in messhalls since 1945, the year his biography shows him becoming mess sergeant at the Pearl Harbor Navy Yard. He has been in the Corps since 1942.

Anderson has been a mess sergeant from Pearl Harbor to Boston, interspersed with a couple of tours with the First Division and three years as an instructor-member of the East Coast Food Service Demonstration Team. He became the school's academic chief last January.

Though a story on any school must, of necessity, highlight the courses and people who run them, there are many incidental notes tied in with the Food Service School. These could be grouped as follows:

Drops: Very few students are dropped for academic reasons. More often than not, after-hours instruction is conducted on whatever subject the student is wrestling with. This a voluntary arrangement on both the student's and instructor's part.

Instructors: The school's 46 instructors write their own lesson plans which

are continually being revised through research.

History: The Corps' original cooks and bakers school was started at Quantico in 1920. It was later deactivated and cooking instruction became the responsibility of local commands, with an assist from MCI correspondence courses. In 1942, the school was reactivated at Quantico, moved to Lejeune and became, in 1946, part of the Quartermaster Battalion, forerunner of today's Supply Schools.

Problem: One of the difficulties facing today's instructors are the students of the advanced cooks course. Many of them have had years of mess experience and have developed habits not completely compatible with school theories. As one instructor pointed out, some discussions get "pretty lively."

Quote-worthies: The meat-cutting instructor who said, "When cutting a carcass, such as a pig's, remember that everything will be used but the squeal." And the instructor with the intriguing philosophy that "everyone eats, but few know why they eat." It is a prelude to a discussion on the energy functions of certain foods.

Perhaps the last note could be titled "Corps' Most Influential School," for this school alone graduates men whose knowledge affects most Marines every day. Every Marine must eat.

And if you doubt that cookery is an art of adjectives, listen to these Marines as they stroll back to the squad bay after chow.

END

Records Reviewed & Previewed

by W. W. Barr

Capitol Records' engineers and sound men seem to be spending more time in the boondocks than a company of Marines on a problem. First they mushed into the mountains of the Lake Tahoe area in Nevada to catch **The Guy Lombardo Show at Harrahs Club**. There they recorded a typical Lombardo performance, complete with medleys, twin pianos, Kenny Gardner singing *Frankie and Johnny* and closing with the theme *Auld Lang Syne*. Lombardo fans will love it. Having filled their canteens and picked up a tin or two of C ration, the boys then journeyed into the desert, coming at last to a plush watering stop called the Sahara, in Las Vegas. Here they recorded a performance of **The New Ray Anthony Show**. Ray is working with a six-piece combo and two gal singers, names of Diane Hall and Anita Ray. This one comes on like a liberty party hitting the main gate on payday. Except for one too many repetitions of the *Peter Gunn theme*, it is great fun clear through and recommended to you.

During a previous bivouac in the area, an on the spot recording was made of **Sands at The Sands—Tommy Sands**, at the famous hotel in Las Vegas. I'd be stretching a point of truth if I said that I am enthused about this one. I do not disclaim that the young man has a good voice with lots of promise. For me, however, it seems he does not make the most of what he has. His fans, of course (and there are whole regiments of 'em), will like this record.

We meet a new singer this month on **The Big Big Voice of Lovelace Watkins** (MGM). It is a big voice and Watkins uses it in excellent fashion with restraint and taste. There's a trace of Billy Eckstine in spots but Watkins is not an imitator—he's himself all the way. I enjoyed his work and predict we'll hear more of this young man. (Whatever happened to names like Bill and Mike and George? Lovelace!)

The **Kingston Trio's** latest, entitled **Sold Out** (Capitol) is sure to be a best seller. It's another collection of folk music from around the world, the type of stuff these boys do best. And, continuing on the folk music kick, a sweet and lilting style is that of a young folk singer named **Cathie Taylor**. On **A Little Bit of Sweetness** (Capitol) 15-year-old Cathie sings true folk songs—not hillbilly—in a manner delightful to hear.

Two more of those **Star Line** albums which Capitol recently released have been heard and enjoyed. The first is **Sixteen Tons—Tennessee Ernie Ford**. Besides the title bit, which sold about umpteen million singles, "Ol' Ern" cuts loose on *Shotgun Boogie*, *Mule Train* and *Anticipation Blues*, among others. **One More Time—Kay Starr** is a fine collection of the hits by the gal with the big voice. Included are *Side by Side*, *Lonesome Gal in Town*, *So Tired* and *Kay's Lament*, plus eight others.



Contemporary Records has done it again with a release by **Andre Previn and His Pals, Shelly Manne and Red Mitchell**. **West Side Story** is the album title and it is a jazz performance of the score of the musical of the same

name. These three fine jazz men work together like a well trained fire team. A gasser, jazz lovers!

Broadway show music is well represented this month. We lead off with **Movin' on Broadway—Kay Starr** (Capitol). A friend recently told me he had gathered from this column that in my opinion Kay Starr could do no wrong. I didn't realize I'd made it that obvious but by golly he's right. So—this is Kay Starr singing hits from recent Broadway musicals and she's great! While on Broadway we'll voice an opinion on **Evalyn Tyner's** Capitol release **On and Off Broadway**. Miss Tyner gives us piano impressions of the best tunes from six of the hit musicals of the 1959-60 season. Pleasant listening. But far and away one of the best recordings of show tunes to be released recently is on the **MGM** label. **Opening Night** by the **Starlight Symphony** conducted by **Ornadel** is a fine recording of the overtures from shows such as *Music Man*, *Damn Yankees*, *Kismet* and other hits. Full rich sound all the way through this one. It's a must for show music lovers.

Having produced the excellent record just reviewed, the mountain again labored and brought forth a mouse. **Good Timin' by Jimmy (Handy Man) Jones** (MGM) is a horrible collection of the squeaks, yelps and handclapping which our teen-agers are convinced is music. It will probably sell a million.

On the other hand we have **Warm and Willing**, the intriguing title of **Anna Maria Alberghetti's** latest Capitol album. With **Nelson Riddle** providing his usual masterful background, Anna Maria relaxes with some popular songs of romance such as *World On a String*, *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes* and *I'm in the Mood for Love*. A charming effort.

From a pretty Italian girl we make a quick jaunt to the other end of the earth to hear a pretty Japanese performer. **Capitol of the World** brings us **Songs by Japan's Yukiji Asaoka**. Recorded in Japan, the songs and words are Japanese, but the style has definite American influence reflected in it. Miss Asaoka sings in a voice best described as velvet smooth and, without understanding a word, I thoroughly enjoyed the work of this little jasan. I think you Marines who have pulled duty in Nippon will also. (Monaural only on this one).

Stan Kenton has for some years carried a guidon in the ranks of modern jazz. **Standards In Silhouette** (Capitol) is proof that a big band can have as cool a sound as a small combo. You've got to like it wild to dig this one; it's solid Kenton.

George Shearing and his Quintet are joined by a choir of strings conducted by **Billy May**, and the very fine result is **White Satin** (Capitol). This is Shearing in a dreamy mood as he plays *Laura*, *Old Folks*, *Small Hotel* and others. If by chance you don't care for the record you can always frame the cover—see below.

Moving on to Band and Classical music we find a rare double feature in **Wagner—Siegfried Idyll and Strauss—Don Juan** (Angel). The **Philharmonia Orchestra** under the baton of **Aleco Galliera** presents a beautiful reading of The Idyll, Wagner's birthday present to his wife, Cosima, on Christmas Day, 1870. Turning to Don Juan, the orchestra gives a lusty treatment of the symphonic poem which describes two of the Old Don's love affairs in the early Strauss medium.



The Orchestral Wagner (Angel) is one of the most stunning recordings to be released this year. Its sonics are magnificent, and in *Siegfried's Funeral Music* and in the Prelude to *Die Meistersinger*, the bursts of sound are all but overwhelming. The **Philharmonia Orchestra** under the heroic direction of **Wolfgang Sawallisch** meets Wagner's incredible demands in an exemplary manner. You'd better look into this one for sure.

We close with **The British Bandstand**, still another addition to Angel's already impressive collection of recorded band music. It concerns itself with selections from **Gilbert and Sullivan**, and very effectively, too. The men of the **Band of the Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall**, respond beautifully to the hand of the director, **Lieutenant Colonel C. McBain**, O.B.E., Hon. R.A.M., F.G.S.M., Hon. F.T.C.L., A.R.C.M., p.s.m. Resisting the temptation to suggest that you buy this record **P.D.Q.**, we'll offer a simple, but high, recommendation, and let it go at that.

Happy Listenin'

END

Gyrene Gyngles

The Novice

A former Marine with ambition,
Yearned to bail out of a plane;
So he contacted local sky divers,
And vowed he would jump, wind or rain.

Then he plunked down his membership
dollars,
Donned coveralls, helmet and boots;
Took training for hours at the airport,
Then strapped on his twin parachutes.

Now he rented an open-door aircraft,
And into the heavens he flew;
With the pilot instructing this pupil,
Of things he would soon have to do.

He seemed to be very courageous,
Egged on by the members' staunch cheers;
But the truth of the matter was simply,
He was never so scared in all his years.

When the student got over the drop zone,
His knees most naturally shook;
When he glanced at the wind-blasted
doorway,
And waited to stand up and hook.

The desert was waiting to greet him,
At 2500 straight down;
And probably thought it much better,
If he would have stayed back in town.

But the pilot was cutting the throttle,
Reducing from 90 miles per;
And banking the sleek-looking aircraft,
Thru winds which were starting to stir.

Spectators, including his buddies,
Who gathered to take in the scene;
Or pick up the bones of the jumper,
Who was a former U.S. Marine.

When the moment of truth was approaching,

Into space went the jumper with glee;
Soon the desert was waiting to meet him,
More ground than he wanted to see!

Now the static line snapped like a string,
And the silk filled the vast sky above;
And the jumper was really quite certain,
He had found a new sport one could love.

The ground must have come up so rapid,
And the air seemed so awfully dry;
And the chute started popping and crackling,
While the jumper kept wondering why.

Then the thud must have really been
sickening,
To the folks that were gathered around;
When the former Marine hit on the desert,
He was trying to tear up the ground.

Now his ankle was broken and twisted,
Though he suffered no wounds in the
Corps;
And he's fed up with the splints and the
plaster,
And vows he may jump never more.

So here's to all hard-charging Gyrenes,
If looking for parachute fame;
First contact Reconnaissance jumpers,
Who've been through that bone-breaking
game.

But if you won't listen to reason,
Bail out and just holler "Gung Ho;"
Be sure you have written permission,
From the man that you call your CO.

Get in with a club that's accepted,
Get lessons on landing below;
Don't be like the novice who hurried,
Take all of your lessons—then go.

Harry A. Koch

The Spirit of the Corps

Through Belleau Wood and Saipan,
Through raging hell they fought;
To safeguard me and every man,
Our lives were dearly bought.

Often now we forget our debt,
To brave unselfish men;
But let us not forget them yet,
They didn't forget us then.

Against unanimous odds they fought,
And many of them had to die;

Let us not forget these men who sought,
To fight and retain our pride.

Our proud unaltering brotherhood,
Of loyalty to each;
Was bought and paid in precious blood,
Our spirit shall not breach.

Of brave men who have died for peace,
Let us think now for just a while;
Their eternal call shall never cease,
Stick out your chest Marine, and smile!

PFC Gerald A. White

BOOKS REVIEWED

A DEPARTURE FROM THE RULES, by Anthony Robinson, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York

Price \$3.95

Here, in a novel of the sea, is the story of the destroyer *USS Dobbs* and of the officers and men who lived and served aboard her—their ambitions and their fears and of each one's part in the worst peacetime disaster of the United States Navy.

When the new captain took command of the *Dobbs*, he had one purpose in mind: to restore strict military procedures, to surpass her great wartime record and to make her the sharpest ship afloat.

The heart of this novel is the conflict between the Naval Academy-trained captain and his gunnery officer, a Reservist from Yale. Their struggle culminates on a dark night in the Pacific Ocean, with the decision which took the *Dobbs* to her death. At the court of inquiry, convened to establish the cause of the disaster, the testimony leads to the human failings of the participants.

This novel, written in a familiar style with a few new plot twists, is good, light reading.

AEROSPACE DICTIONARY, by Frank Gaynor, Philosophical Library, Inc., New York, N. Y. Price \$6.00

This up-to-the-minute reference work of essential terminology in space exploration is designed to meet the specialized requirements of industry and government as well as the needs of the student and general reader who wish to understand current scientific and engineering advances in this rapidly expanding field of international importance.

The concise, clear, exhaustive entries, prepared with the assistance and cooperation of the United States Department of Defense, as well as civilian agencies and research centers, embody the most authoritative information in the swiftly developing areas of rocketry

and aeronautics, guidance systems, satellites, telemetering devices, manned space flight, re-entry phenomena, celestial mechanics, optical and radio astronomy, and aeronautical science.

The dictionary includes every abbreviation in use, together with abbreviations of missiles and vehicles and their designations.

Guided missiles are described in detail by type and mission, as are all satellites that have achieved orbit, both those of the U. S. and the U.S.S.R.

WE'LL BE HOME FOR CHRISTMAS, by Emilio Aguirre. Greenwich Book Publishers, New York, N. Y.

Price \$2.50

A true story of the Marines in the Korean War. The author enlisted in 1946 and was given a dependency discharge in 1947. He joined the Marine Reserve unit in San Antonio, Texas in 1948, and was called to active duty in 1950 with the First Marine Division.

He was with the Seventh Marines at the Reservoir where he was injured. He was discharged in 1951, and he now works at an Air Force base in Texas.

This book is another of the many to come out of Korea with the personal touch.

THE SECRETS OF JUDO, by Jiichi Watanabe and Lindy Avakian. Charles E. Tuttle Co., Rutland, Vt. Price \$3.75

This textbook, containing more than 250 illustrations and drawings, "explains" the art and science of the sport. There are clear-cut descriptions of the most important throws, strangles and holddowns, with explanations of the dynamic principles involved.

Major subjects covered include the origins of judo, basic judo principles, the physical and psychological aspects of judo, the relationship between judo and Zen and the dynamics which govern judo techniques.

END

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 83]

ganized on November 10, 1775 in Philadelphia—the Marine Corps' birthday. Our Naval Establishment went into a decline after the Revolution and the Continental Marines were disbanded. However, with the inauguration of an undeclared naval war against France, our government recognized the need for a strong Navy and corps of Marines. The United States Marine Corps was authorized by Act of July 11, 1798, and has enjoyed a continuous existence since that time.—Ed.



WANTED

The Marine Corps Museum has dire need for a complete World War II "jungle suit"—the camouflage utilities, jacket and trousers, worn by Marines in the Pacific during World War II.

Anyone having such a relic of his World War II service is urged to donate it to the Marine Corps Museum at Quantico. Here is an opportunity to make a contribution of great value to the permanent Museum collection. . . .

The Museum will display all such donations in the donor's name, so take advantage of this offer to enshrine yourself in the "scrapbook" of your Corps. Write to: The Director, Marine Corps Museums, Quantico, Va.

END

ANSWERS TO CORPS QUIZ ON PAGE 8.

1. (a); 2. (b); 3. (a); 4. (c);
5. (b); 6. (a); 7. (c); 8. (b);
9. (a); 10. (c).



bookshop

1. THE COMPACT HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS—This is the whole panoramic story of the Corps in which the saga of the American Marine unfolds in the drama and excitement of military adventure from the days of the Continental Marines of 1776 to the beachheads of Korea and Lebanon.

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2. U. S. MARINE CORPS AIRCRAFT 1914-1956—A graphic history of the aircraft used by the United States Marine Corps from 1914 to 1959. Through the use of 490 different photographs it presents a detailed and accurate visual image of the evolution of the Corps' aviation arm.

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3. THE UNITED STATES MARINES—A Pictorial History by Lynn Montross
This book is a must for every Marine, past, present and future. An American saga from the birth of our country to the present era of the hydrogen bomb, this is the fully illustrated story of the men and women of the United States Marines. The names no Marine can forget: Okinawa, Saipan, Belleau Wood, Vera Cruz, Chapultepec, Iwo Jima, Guadalcanal, Nicaragua, Korea . . . Text, drawings, photographs, and paintings trace the growth of the Marine Corps from the rough-and-ready Corps of early days to a modern fighting force.

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4. THE CRACKER-JACK MARINES—by Ben Masselink. Here is a novel of sheer entertainment, without the blood and guts of the novel usually associated with Marines. It is a story of one Marine's tour of recruiting duty in Chicago during WWII. Its setting is wartime and the author keeps the reader aware of this.

Discount price —\$3.40

5. THE BARREN BEACHES OF HELL—by Boyd Cockrell. A savage story of the Marines in the South Pacific, this is the most authentic novel of the hundreds that have depicted World War II. This is the book about Private Andrew Willy, who doesn't get wounded, or any of the many things that make heroes.

Discount price —\$4.50

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